



THE LIBERTY "76" BOYS OF 76

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription. \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, February 4, 1901, by Frank Tousey.

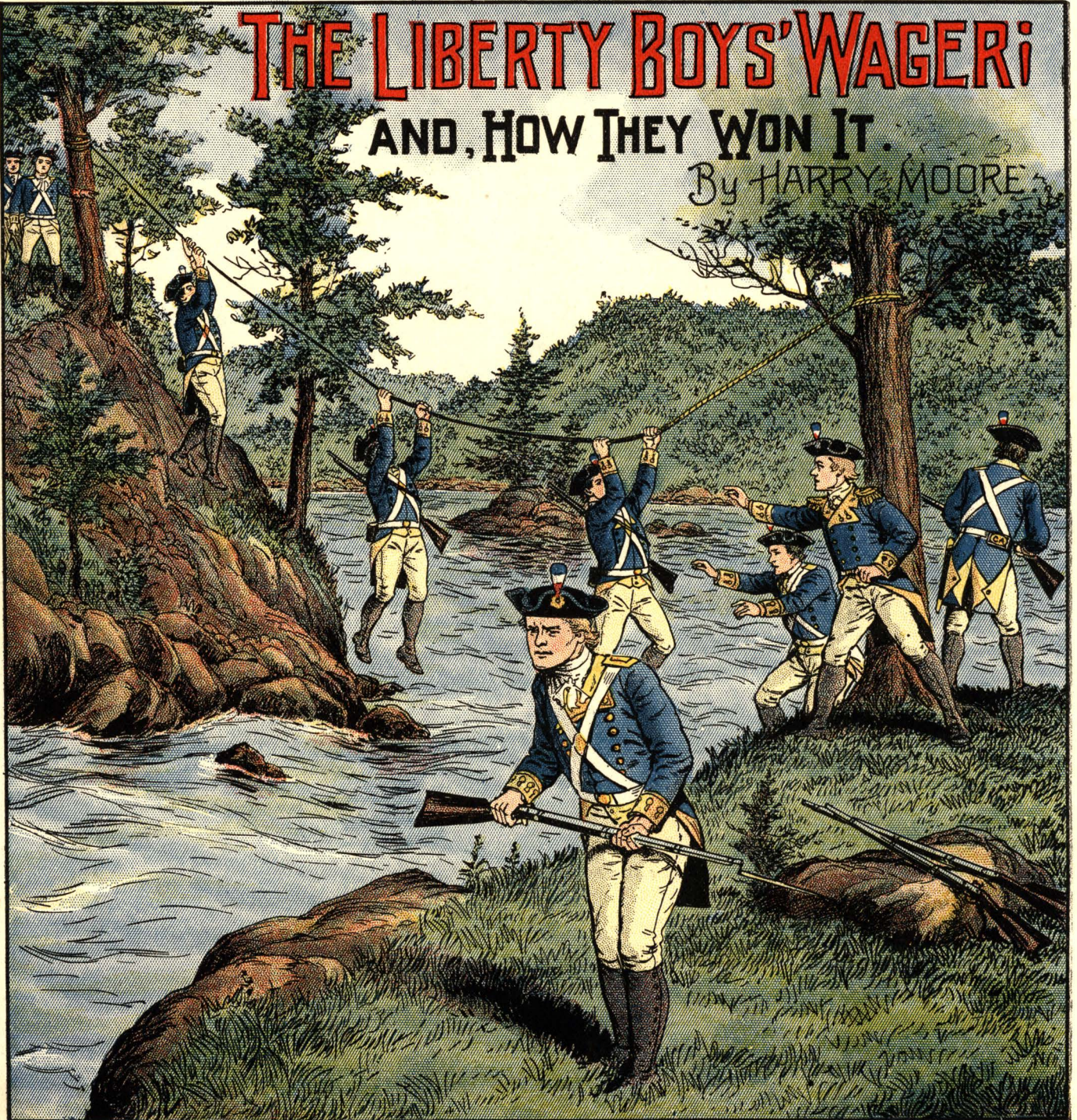
No. 115.

NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1903.

Price 5 Cents.

THE LIBERTY BOYS' WAGER; AND, HOW THEY WON IT.

By HARRY MOORE.



Hanging by their hands, the "Liberty Boys," one after another, worked their way across the stream. They had won their wager; they were on the enemy's territory.

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

SPORTING.

No. 21. **HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.**—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. **HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.**—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. **HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.**—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. **HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.**—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

HYPNOTISM.

No. 8. **HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.**—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. **NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.**—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. **HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.**—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. **HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.**—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. **HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.**—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of the lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC.

No. 6. **HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.**—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. **HOW TO BOX.**—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. **HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.**—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. **HOW TO FENCE.**—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. **HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. With illustrations.

No. 72. **HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. **HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. **HOW TO DO TRICKS.**—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. **HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.**—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. **HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.**—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. **HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.**—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. **HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.**—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. **HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.**—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. **HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.**—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. **HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.**—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. **HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.**—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. **HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.**—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. **HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.**—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. **HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. **HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.**—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. **HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.**—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. **HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.**—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both young and old.

No. 12. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.**—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.**—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.**—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.**—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition; together with specimen letters.

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76.

A Weekly Magazine Containing Stories of the American Revolution.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, February 4, 1901. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1903, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 115.

NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1903.

Price 5 Cents.

CHAPTER I.

SAMBO AND THE REDCOATS.

"Stop!"

"Stop, or we'll shoot!"

"Halt, you black rascal!"

"If you don't stop you will be a dead nigger mighty quick!"

It was rather an unusual scene.

On a lonely timbered road a few miles south from Charleston, South Carolina, one March afternoon of the year 1779 a negro was engaged in running for his life—for after him came six British soldiers, with weapons in their hands.

It was the soldiers who had given utterance to the commands given at the beginning of the story.

The negro was frightened—terribly frightened. Otherwise he would not have kept in the road, where he could be seen, and would furnish a good target for his pursuers. Had he turned aside and entered the timber at either side of the road he would have stood a very good chance of making his escape.

Suddenly the negro stumbled and fell.

"Goodness alibe, I done guesses I'se a dead nigger now!" he said aloud, and he was so frightened that he did not even try to get up.

But help was at hand.

Out from amid the trees at the roadside dashed a young man of perhaps nineteen years.

He was a handsome, bronzed youth, with keen gray eyes, and firm chin; and that he was wonderfully strong and athletic was at once evident, for he seized the negro by the coat-collar and waistband of the trousers, and lifting him bodily, carried him back into the timber—and this was done so quickly that the astonished British soldiers did not have time to take aim and fire.

They were within pistol-shot distance, but by the time they realized what was going on the youth and the negro had disappeared from view.

"Hello!"

"Who was that, I wonder?"

"Likely a rebel!"

"All right; we'll capture or kill him as well as the negro!"

Such were a few of the exclamations given utterance to by the redcoats.

They came on 'as rapidly as they could run, but when they were still twenty yards from the point where the two had disappeared, there came a sharp command:

"Stop! If you come any closer I shall open fire on you, and I warn you that I am a dead shot!"

The redcoats paused involuntarily.

There was something so authoritative in the tone of the stranger's voice that they realized the fact that he meant what he said, and as the redcoats had no desire to die, they paused.

"Hold on, there; don't shoot!" called out one of the British soldiers.

"Then stay where you are."

"All right; but we want that nigger."

"Oh, you do?"

The negro, who was crouching at the feet of the young stranger, just within the edge of the timber, said in a half-whisper:

"Foah de lub ob goodness, massa, doan' let dem fellers hab me!"

"I won't," was the reply. "Have no fear."

"Yes," replied the spokesman redcoat. "We want the nigger."

"Why do you want him?"

"We want to put him to work."

"What doing?"

"Cooking."

"For whom?"

"For our mess, in the camp."

"Where is your camp?"

"Oh, down the road a ways."

"Can you cook?" the youth asked of the negro.

"Well, yes, massa, I kin cook, er little; but I doan' wanten go an' cook foah dem redcoated fellers, dat's whut I doan'."

"The negro says he doesn't want to go with you," said the youth, lifting up his voice.

"We knew that already."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he said that right away, as soon as we told him we needed a cook, and wanted him to go with us, and when he took to his heels, we took after him, and now we want him to come along with us."

"But he says he doesn't want to do so."

"I don't see what difference that makes; what he wants is of no consequence."

"I t'ink hit am ob considddyble quinceyquence, massa,"

said the negro. "Whatebber yo' does, doan' let dem redcoaters hab me, an' I'll do ennyt'ing in de worl' foah yo'—dat's whut I will."

"You don't like redcoats, then?"

"I doan' lak 'em then, er now, er enny time ertall, massa, an' dat's er fack. I kain't lak 'em, 'kase deyse mean ter de niggers."

"Well, are you going to send the nigger out here to us?" asked the redcoat impatiently, after waiting a few moments, and receiving no answer.

"I think that I shall have to refuse to do so," replied the young man. "He says he doesn't want to come."

"But look here; that doesn't matter. He's only a nigger, and we want him to come to our camp and work for us, and do our cooking—and what is more, we are going to have him!"

This last was said in an arrogant, imperative voice.

"Say, did yo' heah dat, massa?" half gasped the negro. "Golly, but dem redcoaters is bad men! I guesses as how I'm er gone nigger, uf I doan' go out dere as dey wants me ter."

"Don't be alarmed, Sambo," said the youth, reassuringly; "you shall not go with them if you don't want to do so."

"But I kain't he'p myse'f."

"I can, though."

"Whut, yo', jes' by yo'se'f?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"But dey'se six of dem redcoaters."

"That doesn't matter."

"Hit doan'?"

"No. You see, we have the advantage of being protected by the trees, and if they attempt to attack us I can shoot them down without trouble."

"Golly, I doan' know erbout hit; but I hopes dat yo' knows whut yo' is talkin' erbout, I does so."

"Did you hear what I said?" called out the redcoat spokesman. "I said that we are going to have the negro, anyway, so the best thing you can do is to deliver him up to us."

"I have told you that I will not do so."

This was spoken firmly and decidedly.

"Say, you are a fool if you attempt to stand out against us."

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"Why so?"

"Because we are six to your one, and we will kill you if you attempt to keep the nigger from us."

"That's a game that two can play at."

"What! Would you really attempt to fight the six of us?"

It was evident that the redcoat was surprised.

"And why not?"

"Why not? It means death to you to interfere—that's why."

"I am not at all sure of that."

"And are you foolish enough to think that you, one man, can make a showing against six of us in an encounter?"

"I can do more than make a showing?"

"What can you do?"

"Kill four or five, and possibly the entire six of you."

This was said so promptly and confidently, and in such a matter-of-fact manner that the redcoats were staggered for a few moments, and stared at one another in wonder.

"Say, there's impudence for you!"

"That is a fair sample of American impudence."

"The fellow must be crazy."

"He must want to die."

"It is ignorance on his part that causes him to talk in that fashion."

"Ignorance or conceit, and if the latter we will quickly take it out of him."

Such were the remarks indulged in by the British soldiers, and then the spokesman called out:

"You must be crazy, to think you will be able to fight the six of us."

"No, I'm not crazy."

"Then you are not far from being an idiot."

"Thank you!" sarcastically.

"Oh, you are welcome. Now, for the last time, are you going to send the nigger out here to us?"

"I am not!"

"You had better!"

"My dear sir, you are simply wasting your breath talking to me."

"It is for your own good that I have been talking."

"Then spare yourself further effort in that direction. I do not need any assistance in taking care of myself."

"Say, do you know who I am?" the redcoat asked, pompously.

"I am sure that I have not that knowledge."

"I am Captain William Devoe—perhaps you have heard of me."

"I never have heard of you. And now, do you know who you will be when I get through with you?"

"What do you mean? I will be Captain Devoe, of course."

"No; you will be the late Captain Devoe."

Again the redcoats stared at one another.

"Did you ever hear the like of that?"

"We've heard quite enough out of that fellow, haven't we, captain?"

"Let's go for him!"

"We'll teach him a lesson he won't forget in a hurry!"

"That we will!"

"His insolence is unbearable," said the captain. "Yes, we will go for him at once, and either kill or capture him. Are you boys ready?"

"Ready!" was the reply, and then one added:

"I'll wager something that the saucy rebel runs like a greyhound in an effort to get away from us."

"If I was sure he was a rebel I would be in for capturing him rather than killing him," said the captain.

"I have no doubt that he is a rebel," said another. "He knows we are British soldiers, and has taken the part of the nigger against us, and that, it seems to me, is proof sufficient."

"I judge you are right," agreed the captain. "Well, we will capture him if we can do so handily, but if not then we will kill him. Scatter now, and advance on the run."

The next moment the six redcoats leaped in as many different directions, and then ran toward the spot where the young stranger and the negro were concealed.

CHAPTER II.

DICK SLATER AND SAMBO.

As they advanced they set up a yell.

Evidently this was intended to frighten the young man, but it had no such effect. He simply smiled in a sarcastic manner, and took deliberate aim at one of the oncoming redcoats.

The negro, however, was shaking with fright. He cowered at the young man's feet and shook till his teeth rattled.

"Foah de lub ob goodness, we'se goners now, massa," he managed to gasp.

"Oh, no, Sambo," said the youth quietly, and then crack! went his pistol, and the nearest redcoat threw up his hands and fell headlong to the ground.

The youth had a pistol in each hand, and he now fired a shot from the one in his left hand.

Captain Devoe gave utterance to a cry of pain, and fell to the ground, but got up again, and staggered into the bushes beside the road.

The other four soldiers came to a sudden stop.

It was evident that they were horror-stricken.

That they were frightened as well as horror-stricken was proved by their next action, for they dashed in among the trees at the roadside.

"Now is our time to get away from here, Sambo," said the young man. "Come with me."

The negro leaped up quickly enough, and followed his companion closely, his head turned backward, his eyes rolling wildly.

It was evident that he was greatly frightened.

The two moved away at a half-run, and after they had gone perhaps a third of a mile they came to a little clearing, in the middle of which was a small log cabin.

Hitched to a tree in front of the cabin was a black horse, a magnificent looking animal.

"I think that we will be safe here, Sambo," said the young man, slackening his speed to a walk.

"I suttinly hopes so, massa."

"Come into the cabin."

"All right, massa."

The two entered the cabin. There was a fire blazing in the fireplace at one end of the single room of which the cabin consisted.

"Sit down," said the youth, indicating a rough bench.

The negro obeyed.

The young man also seated himself, taking up a position that enabled him to look across the clearing, in the direction from which the redcoats would likely come, if they came at all.

"What's your name, Sambo?" the youth asked.

"Dat's hit, sah," with a grin.

"What do you mean?"

"W'y, I means dat my name is Sambo, sah—an' whut seems funny ter me is how yo' knowed dat wuz my name."

"Oh, I just guessed at it; and so I hit it, eh?"

"Yes, sah; plum' center, sah."

"That's all right, then. And now, where do you live?"

The negro shook his head.

"Yo' means whar does I stay, massa?"

"Yes."

"Well, I doan' 'zackly stay ennywhars in purtickler."

"You have no permanent home, then?"

"No, sah."

"I supposed you lived on a plantation near here."

"No, I doan' lib on no plantashun, massa."

"But you know the country pretty well, in this part of the State?"

"Purty middlin' well, massa. I'se done libbed aroun' heah all mah life, sah."

"And you go around from place to place, you say?"

"Yes, sah; dat's jes' whut I does, sah."

"Well, I want to ask you a question, Sambo, and if you can give me any information I hope you will do so."

"I'll do hit, massa."

"Very good. Can you tell me where to go to find Andrew Pickens and his force of militia?"

The negro started, and looked at the youth eagerly and questioningly.

"Say, is yo' er patriot, massa?" he asked.

"I am, Sambo."

"Yo' hain't er redcoater, widout yo' red coat on, den?"

"Not a bit of it. Didn't you see me shoot down two redcoats?"

"Yes, 'deed I did, massa."

"Well, that is proof positive that I am not a redcoat."

"I guesses as how yo' is right, sah."

"Of course; if I was a redcoat I would not have interfered to save you from those fellows back yonder; and I certainly would not have shot any of them."

"I t'ink dat is so, massa."

"Then tell me whether or not you know the whereabouts of Pickens and his men."

The negro hesitated, and then said, slowly and questioningly:

"Yo' is reel shuah dat yo' is fr'en'ly ter Massa Pickens?"

"Ha! 'Massa Pickens,' you say? Then you do know him, and probably know where he is!"

The negro looked flustered. He rolled his eyes, and then finally blurted out:

"Yo' is right, massa. I does know Massa Pickens, an' I knows whar he is."

"Good! Is he far from here?"

"'Bout fibe or six mile, massa."

"Which way?"

"Ter de west'ard, sah; he's ober on de Edisto ribber, sah."

"Will you guide me to him?"

"Uf yo' will swar dat yo' doan' mean no harm ter 'im, massa, I'll show yo' de way dar. Uf yo' means 'im harm, an' I shows yo' de way dar, den he'll kill me. Hit'll be all up wid Sambo."

"I mean him no harm, Sambo. I am a patriot, as I told you, and consequently I am his friend. I wish to see him on important business."

"Well, den I'll show yo' de way dar. Massa, does yo' min' tellin' me who yo' is, sah?"

"My name is Dick Slater."

The negro uttered an exclamation. He stared at the youth with rolling eyes.

"Say, is yo' reelly Dick Slater?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, I am really Dick Slater. Why, what of it?"

"Nothin' on'y I'se heerd Massa Pickens talk erbout yo' lots ob times."

"Then he is really your master?"

"I calls him dat, sah. I hain't wid 'im all de time, but I done be'n wid 'im moah dan wid ennybody else, sah."

"What do you for him?"

"I'se his cook, sah."

"Oh, that's it."

"Yes, massa."

"But what are you doing over here in this part of the country?"

The negro grinned.

"I'se done got er gal ober heah, sah," he said. "I comes ober foah to see her onct in erwhile, I does."

"Ah, and that was why you were here?"

"Yes, massa."

"And how came the redcoats to be chasing you, a little while ago?"

"I dunno, sah; all I knows is dat as I wuz comin' er-long de road, de redcoats comed out ob de timber 'bout fifty yards berhin' me, and wun ob dem yelled out foah me to stop. Well, I doan' lak redcoats, nohow, an' so 'stid ob stoppin' I jes' ups an' lights out as fas' as ebber I c'u'd clatter."

"And they pursued you, eh?"

"Yes; dey ups an' comes arter me, lickety-split, an' dey kep' a-yellin' an' a-yellin' foah me ter stop, er dey would jes' shoot me full of holes."

"But you didn't stop worth a cent."

"No, sah; not till I fell down," with a grin. "I couldn' he'p mahse'f, den."

"True enough. Well, are you ready to show me the way to where Pickens and his men are?"

"Yes, massa."

"Will it be so that I can ride on horseback, or will I have to walk and lead my horse?"

"Hit am de shortest way, uf we walk, through de timber, massa; but by takin' de road yo' kin ride."

"We'll go the shortest way. I don't mind walking."

The two then left the cabin, and Dick untied his horse, and told Sambo to lead the way.

The negro set out through the timber, and the youth followed, leading the horse.

"Does yo' t'ink yo' killed bofe ob dem redcoats, Massa Dick?" Sambo asked.

"I think not, Sambo. I believe the first one will never pull trigger against the patriots again; but the second one was only wounded."

"Golly, an' yo' shooted at 'im wid yo' lef' han', massa! I t'ink yo' done mighty good ter even hit 'im."

"I can shoot about as well with the left hand as with the right, Sambo."

"Hi, I wouldn' want yo' ter git arter me, sah!"

Onward they went at a good pace, as walking goes.

Mile after mile was gone over, and at last they came to an encampment on the bank of the Edisto river.

The sentinel challenged them with:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Hit am me, Sambo," replied the negro. "Me'n Dick Slater—dat's who hit am. An' doan' yo' go ter doin' none ob yo' shootin' bizness, needer!"

"Oh, it's you, is it, Sambo?"

"Dat's whut hit am."

"Come on into camp, then. Colonel Pickens wants to give you a good licking for running away."

"I guesses ez how I'm in foah hit, Massa Slater," said Sambo, rolling up his eyes, and then a thought struck him, and he added in a low tone: "Git 'im ter be easy on me, Massa Slater, an' I'll do ennyt'ing foah yo', dat's whut I will."

"I'll see what I can do for you, Sambo," with a smile. "I feel friendly toward you, for you have led me to the place I have been searching for."

"T'ank yo', Massa Slater."

CHAPTER III.

IN THE PATRIOT PARTISAN'S CAMP.

Entering the encampment, the two walked across to where a camp-fire was burning brightly in front of a tent at the farther side.

A rather stern-visaged man sat on a camp-stool in front of the tent, and not far from the fire—for while the weather was not cold, it was chilly enough to make a fire almost a necessity, where one sat out of doors.

"Dat's Massa Pickens," whispered the negro. "Now, recommember yo' prommus, Massa Slater."

"All right, Sambo."

The man looked up as they approached, and when he saw the negro he cried out, sharply:

"Ha! So you have got back, have you, you black rascal!"

"Yes, Massa Pickens, I done got back; an' I done brung wid me Massa Dick Slater, sah, an' I hopes yo'll be moughty glad dat I went, massa, foah uf I hadn't went, Massa Slater wouldn' nevah have foun' his way heah."

"Oh, you sly rascal! Trying to slip out of the thrashing you have earned, aren't you! Well, you may go, and it is possible, barely possible, that I may decide not to thrash you this time, seeing that you have been of some benefit to the cause, in thus guiding Captain Slater here."

Then he rose and offered Dick his hand.

"I have heard of you, often, Captain Slater," he went on, "and if one-half that I have heard is true, then indeed am I honored in being enabled to shake you by the hand."

"And I feel honored in shaking hands with one who has done as much for the cause as you have done, sir," was the reply.

"Orderly!" called out Colonel Pickens.

A man appeared from the tent.

"Another stool, at once!"

The orderly brought another stool, and then the patriot chief and Dick took seats.

"You are from Charleston, Mr. Slater?" asked Colonel Pickens.

"Yes, sir. I have a letter for you from General Lincoln."

The youth drew it from his pocket and handed it over.

The patriot chief took the letter, opened it, and read it through.

"It is about what I expected it would be," he said, when he had finished. "General Lincoln wishes that I shall watch closely, and try to intercept any loyalists who may be trying to get to Augusta to join the British."

"Ah, indeed?" remarked Dick.

"Yes. Well, that is just what I am doing. So it is all right."

"Yes, indeed."

"I have a force of scouts out, constantly," Colonel Pickens went on. "They keep a sharp lookout, and it would be an impossibility for any force of Tories to get through this part of the country unknown to my men; and the instant one of them sees a force they will come and inform me of the fact."

"I see; and then you will hasten to intercept the Tories, and strike them a blow."

"That is it, exactly."

The youth pondered a few moments, and then, after giving the encampment a sweeping glance, asked:

"How many men have you, sir?"

"One hundred and twenty."

"That is not a large force."

"No; but what we lack in quantity we make up in quality. Each and every one of the men you see here is tried and tested, and they are ready to fight to the death, at any moment."

"I understand, sir. My 'Liberty Boys' are a good deal the same way. And now, I have a proposition to make you. It is this: that you permit me to return to Charleston and bring my 'Liberty Boys' back with me, and join your force."

"How many men have you?"

"One hundred."

"That would increase my force to nearly twice its present size."

"Yes, sir; and my 'Liberty Boys,' if I do say it myself, are recruits worthy the name. They, like your men, are ever ready to fight to the death, for the great cause of liberty."

"I shall be glad to have your 'Liberty Boys' come here, Captain Slater."

"Very well. I will return to Charleston at once, and bring them back with me to-morrow."

"You will remain and take supper with me, before starting back, will you not?"

"I suppose I might as well, for I am hungry. I have scoured the country for many miles in every direction from Charleston, to-day."

"How did you happen to fall in with my cook, Sambo?"

The youth explained, and Colonel Pickens smiled and said:

"I hope this experience will frighten Sambo so that he won't care to run away again."

"The redcoats would have got him if I hadn't happened to be at hand."

"Undoubtedly."

"I stopped at a little cabin in the forest," explained Dick, "and my horse being tired, I tied him to a tree, built up a fire in the fireplace, and rested and warmed awhile; and then, thinking I might see a settler who could give me some information regarding your whereabouts, I walked over to the road, and had been there but a few minutes when I saw the negro coming, with the six redcoats after him. I interfered, and got Sambo out of danger, as I have explained."

"Well, it was more than he deserved; but it was a good thing for you, too, for he guided you here."

"You are right, sir."

Colonel Pickens then called to Sambo, and told him to get up the very best supper that he possibly could.

"Captain Slater is going to take supper with me," he added, "and if you outdo yourself, and get up a good meal, I may decide not to have you thrashed this time."

"All right, Massa Pickens. I'll git up jes' one ob de bestest suppers dat ebber yo' tasted in all yo' life, sah!"
 "See that you do."

Sambo went to work, and he proved that he was a skilled cook, for he got up a very good meal, with the limited resources at his command.

There was corn bread, bacon, sweet and Irish potatoes, and butter; also coffee.

Colonel Pickens and Dick ate heartily, and then the youth bade the officer good-by, and mounting his horse, rode away.

He had been given instructions as to the best route to take to reach Charleston, and he was sure he would have no difficulty in finding his way there.

He soon reached the main road, which was about a mile from where the patriot force was encamped.

Striking southward, he rode onward at a gallop for half an hour at least. It was now dark, and he permitted his horse to drop into a walk.

A mile farther on he turned toward the east, and rode in that direction till he found himself in the city of Charleston.

He rode first to the quarters occupied by his company of "Liberty Boys." Having looked after his horse, Dick made his way to headquarters.

"I wish to see General Lincoln," he said to the orderly who opened the door.

"Come in."

The youth entered, and the orderly pointed to a chair, and said:

"Be seated, Captain Slater. I will tell the general you are here."

The youth sat down, and the orderly hastened away.

He returned soon, however, and said:

"The general will see you; come this way."

He led the way along the hall, and ushered Dick into a room on the righthand side, near the rear of the building.

General Lincoln greeted Dick pleasantly.

"Did you succeed in finding Colonel Pickens and his force of militia, Dick?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, sir; I found him."

"And delivered my letter?"

"Yes, sir; and here is one he sent you in reply."

The youth drew a letter forth from his pocket, and handed it to the general, who opened it and read the contents.

"Very good," he said aloud, when he had finished reading. "He states here, Dick, that he will do what I ask, and he adds that you wish to join him with your 'Liberty Boys.'"

"Yes, sir; I think it possible that we may be able to do some good work if you will let us go."

"I am willing, the more because I feel that Pickens' force is rather small for the work required of it. With your force added to it he will be able to handle almost any number of Tories that may be encountered."

"True, sir."

"Well, you may have my permission to join his force, until further notice, Captain Slater."

"Thank you, sir."

"When will you go back?"

"I think we may as well wait till morning."

"That will be best, I judge."

"I think so, sir."

After some further conversation, Dick saluted and withdrew, returning to the quarters occupied by his "Liberty Boys."

"What's up, Dick?" asked Bob Estabrook, a bright, handsome youth of nineteen years. "Anything in the wind that promises to give us something to do?"

"Yes, Bob."

"What is it?" eagerly.

"Yes, tell us, Dick."

"If there is work ahead for us, we want to know it."

"Yes, and we want to know what the work is, old man."

"I'll tell you what it is, boys," said Dick. "We are going to join the force of patriot partisans under Colonel Pickens, and help him head off and thrash any parties of Tories that may attempt to get from North Carolina across this State, to Augusta."

"Where is Pickens, Dick?" asked Bob.

"About twelve miles from here."

"And when will we join him?"

"In the morning."

"Good!"

"Hurrah!"

"That is good news!"

"Yes, I'm tired of sitting here in Charleston, doing nothing, and want to get out and move around."

Such were the remarks of the youths, and Dick told them they would have a chance to get out next morning, and for them to make their preparations for an early start.

CHAPTER IV.

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

"So you are back again, Captain Slater?"

"As you see, sir."

"And have brought your 'Liberty Boys' with you."

"Yes, sir."

"I am glad of it; now I think that we shall be able to get the better of any force of Tories that may show up in this part of the country."

"I think so, sir."

"Well, tell your 'Liberty Boys' to make themselves at home. My men will be glad to make their acquaintance, and make things pleasant for them."

"Thank you, sir."

It was ten o'clock of the next morning after the events already narrated had taken place.

The "Liberty Boys" had left Charleston about half-past eight, and had ridden at a gallop most of the way, arriving at the patriot partisan encampment on the bank of the Edisto river an hour and a half later.

They had entered the camp, after satisfying the sentinel of their identity, and Dick had at once reported to Colonel Pickens, and the above conversation had ensued.

It did not take the "Liberty Boys" long to become acquainted with their new comrades, who were for the most part hunters, trappers, and farmers, and were good-natured and matter-of-fact. Then, too, all the men under Pickens had heard of Dick Slater and his "Liberty Boys," and knowing the latter were terrible fighters, treated them with respect and consideration, for they themselves were fighters and could appreciate such qualities in others.

Just after dinner, while the men were lying and sitting around on blankets, a scout came galloping into camp, his horse flecked with foam, proving that he had ridden far and fast.

He leaped to the ground and hastened to where Colonel Pickens sat.

The officer was looking at the scout eagerly, and asked, as he approached:

"What is it, Scott?"

"A party of Tories, sir," was the reply.

"Ah! And where is the party, Scott?"

"About fifteen miles northeast from here, sir."

"And headed in which direction?"

"West, sir."

"Ah, it is bound for Augusta, then!"

"That is what I think."

"And how large a force is there of the Tories?"

"There must be six or seven hundred, I should say."

"Quite a strong force."

"Yes, sir—too strong for our own force, I fear."

"But we have received reinforcements."

"We have?"

"Yes—this morning. The company of youths known as 'The Liberty Boys of '76' joined us here this morning, and that makes us pretty strong."

"True, and those 'Liberty Boys' are fighters, too, if all we have heard of them is true."

"You are right; and I think nothing more than the truth has been told regarding them."

"I think you will be able to head the Tories off by going northward, along the Edisto, Colonel Pickens," the scout suggested.

"That is just what I was thinking of; and that is what we will do. Have you had anything to eat, Scott?"

"Not since morning, sir."

"Then go and get something, and be ready in half an hour to lead us to the spot which in your opinion you think will be the best for our purpose of taking the Tories by surprise."

"Very well, colonel," and then, saluting, the scout walk-

ed away, and was soon eating his dinner and talking to a crowd of the patriot partisans at the same time.

Soon the order came for all to get ready for a prompt start, however, and the men hastened to bridle and saddle their horses, and look to their weapons.

In twenty minutes' time all were ready, and ten minutes later the two hundred and twenty-odd men were riding northward, through the timber bordering the Edisto river.

In front rode Colonel Pickens and the scout, Scott, and behind them rode the patriot partisans. Then came Dick and his "Liberty Boys."

"Well, it begins to look as though we are to have some work before very long, Dick," said Bob.

"You are right, Bob."

"Well, I'm glad of it."

"And I."

Indeed, all the "Liberty Boys" were glad. They laughed and talked, and joked one another at a great rate.

The force rode onward for two hours, and then the scout told Colonel Pickens that he thought they were far enough toward the North.

"If the Tories continue onward the way they were going when I saw them," he continued, "they will come right along this road."

The patriot force had come to a stop at a road which ran east and west.

"Then we will go into ambush here," said Colonel Pickens, "and I will send out half a dozen scouts, to watch for the enemy, and thus make sure it does not get past us."

"That will be a splendid scheme, sir."

"How long, do you think, will it be before the enemy shows up?"

"An hour or more; perhaps two hours. You see, they are on foot, and can proceed but slowly, comparatively speaking."

"True. Well, we will stop here till we learn where the enemy is, and as soon as that is learned, then we will know just where to post ourselves."

The order was given to dismount, and it was obeyed instantly.

Then the horses were tied to trees well back from the road, after which the men took up positions close to the road, but concealed in the underbrush.

Colonel Pickens then named six men who were to act as scouts, and Dick was one of the six.

They mounted their horses, and rode away.

Each went in a different direction.

The "Liberty Boy" went straight toward the east, along the road, and continued onward for half an hour, when he came to the top of a hill, or ridge, rather, for it extended along, from north to south, for a distance of a mile or more.

Bringing his horse to a stop, Dick leaped to the ground.

He tied the horse to a tree, and then proceeded to climb another tree which stood nearby.

When he was well up toward the top, he paused, and took a survey of the surrounding country.

At first he could see nothing of the enemy.

This was not strange, however, for the country was rolling and broken, as well as for the most part heavily timbered.

Suddenly Dick heard his horse give vent to a snort of terror, and looking down, he saw a huge black bear approaching the horse.

The youth saw at a glance that it would be impossible for him to get to the ground in time to untie his horse, mount, and get away, and he hardly knew what to do. He was afraid he might lose the horse, and as the animal was a valued one, being a thoroughbred black horse that the youth had captured from the British on Long Island more than two years before, he did not wish to see the animal fall a prey to the bear.

Major—that was the horse's name—was eyeing the intruding animal closely, and was evidently somewhat frightened. His instinct told him that the newcomer was an enemy.

There being seemingly nothing better to do, Dick started to descend, and was as rapid in his movements as was possible.

He kept his eyes on the scene below, and saw the bear rear up upon his hind legs and start toward the horse.

"Jove, I fear it is all up with Major!" thought Dick, and at the same time he drew a pistol.

Before he could cock and fire the weapon, however, the scene below had come to a focus, for as the bear rushed toward the horse, Major whirled quickly, and kicked out fiercely with both hind legs. The hoofs struck Bruin on the nose and in the throat, and such was the force of the kick that the bear was knocked down and sent rolling over and over, bringing up against a tree five or six yards away with a crash.

"Bravo, Major!" cried Dick. "You did that splendidly!"

Major recognized his master's voice, and gave utterance to a whinny, to indicate that he heard.

Bruin had tumbled over on his side, and lay where he fell, whether dead or only dazed, Dick did not know. Fearing it might be the latter, however, Dick hastened to climb on down, having returned the pistol to his belt.

Before Dick reached the ground, however, the bear scrambled to his feet. The youth saw this, and feared it would again attack Major, but the brute did nothing of the kind. It gave one look toward the horse, who snorted as if in defiance, and then went lumbering away in the opposite direction.

The "Liberty Boy" reached the ground at the same moment, and deciding that it was as well to let the bear alone, and let it go, he walked over to Major, and patted him on the neck.

"Brave old Major!" he said. "You are certainly capable of protecting yourself, old fellow!"

The horse whinnied and rubbed his nose against Dick, and seemed to be well pleased with the affair as it stood.

The youth was sure the bear would not return, and so

again turned his thoughts to the work that had brought him to the spot.

"I guess I might as well climb back up in the tree," he told himself. "If the Tories are within a mile or two of here, I ought to be able to see them."

He went back and again climbed up into the tree.

As before, he looked toward the east, and as before, nothing was to be seen of the enemy.

The youth felt confident that he would see the Tories sooner or later, if he only had patience enough to remain where he was, and keep watch, so he settled down to do this.

He made himself as comfortable as possible, and kept a sharp lookout.

Half an hour passed, and then he gave utterance to a murmured exclamation:

Sure enough, nearly a mile away, toward the east, and coming along the road which led past the tree in which Dick was perched, was a large body of men.

They were marching four abreast, and were strung out quite a distance.

"That is the party we are waiting for, I am sure," said Dick to himself.

He watched them a few moments, and then started to climb down.

He was soon to the lower limb, and hanging down from this he dropped, the distance being only about twelve to fourteen feet.

He slipped and fell as he struck the ground, however, and when he arose and brushed the dirt off his knees, and straightened up he met with a surprise.

Standing within five yards of him, with pistols leveled, were two men, whom, the youth instinctively realized at a glance, were Tories and his enemies.

"I think we hev got ye, my friend," said one of the two, with a grin. "Jest throw up yer han's an' surrender!"

CHAPTER V.

DICK GETS THE BETTER OF HIS ENEMIES.

The "Liberty Boy" threw up his hands promptly.

He did not intend to surrender, by any means, but he did this to throw the two off their guard.

By making them think he had no intention of offering resistance or of trying to escape, he would deceive them into the belief that he was not at all a dangerous fellow, and then he would take them by surprise.

The youth's mind acted quickly.

He realized that he had not much time, and that if he was to make his escape, he would have to do it quickly.

The front of the column of Tories would be on the scene inside of fifteen minutes, and if he had not made his escape before that he would surely be captured.

But Dick was confident he could get away before the head of the column of Tories put in an appearance.

"Who are you?" asked Dick, pretending to be frightened.

"We air king's men, young feller, an' now, who air ye?"

"I'm a king's man, too."

"Oh, air ye?"

The man leered as he said this, and the look and the tone of his voice were sufficient to prove that he did not believe the youth's statement.

"Yes, I'm a king's man," said Dick. "I want to join the British army."

"Ye do, do ye?"

"Yes."

"Waal, then, ye'll git er chance ter do et, mighty quick, young feller."

"I'm glad of that."

"Ye air, air ye?"

"I am."

"Thet's good. Waal, thar'll be er big force uv king's men erlong heer in er few minnets, an' ye kin jine 'em, ef ye wanter."

"Good! That will just suit me."

"Humph! Say, is thet yer hoss, yender?"

"It is."

"Et's er mighty fine hoss."

"You are right about that."

The youth was glad to get attention turned upon his horse, for it would enable him to make a move which he had in mind.

"He's er thurrerbred hoss, hain't he?"

"Yes, he's a thoroughbred horse, and—now you fellows will have to look out for yourselves!"

As Dick said this last he suddenly leaped to one side, and sprang behind a tree.

At the same instant there were two reports, sounding almost together.

Both the Tories had fired at Dick.

The men were probably good shots under ordinary circumstances, but Dick had taken them by surprise, and they had fired too quick, with the result that they did not hit him.

The "Liberty Boy's" pistols were out in an instant, and he fired one shot, and brought down one of the Tories, who, judging by the groans, must be very badly wounded.

Before Dick could take aim at the other, however, he had leaped behind a tree.

The "Liberty Boy" had the advantage, however, in that he had his head out, and was watching for the other to show himself, while the Tory had yet to get his head out from behind the tree, so as to enable him to view the situation.

He stuck his head out, quickly, but saw the youth's pistol come up like a flash, and jerked his head back even quicker than he had stuck it out.

"Try it again," called out Dick. "I think I can put a bullet through your head next time."

"Blast yer pieter," was the reply. "I'll fix ye fur shoot-in' Bill."

"Bill is to blame for the trouble he got into. He ought not to have bothered me."

"I'll bother ye!"

"If you get the chance."

"Oh, I'll git ther chance, all right. I'm wun uv ther best woodsmen in this part uv ther kentry, an' et'll be funny ef I kain't git ther better uv er young chap like ye, who kain't know much erbout sech things."

"Oh, but I know all about such things, my friend."

"I don' berleeve et."

"It is true, nevertheless. I took lessons in woodcraft from the red Indians of the North, and I fancy I can hold my own with you, no matter what trick you try to play."

"I'll show ye!"

Now Dick knew he would not dare waste much more time here.

The Tories were coming, and would be on hand soon.

There was little doubt but that they had heard the pistol-shots, and they would probably hasten their steps in order to learn what it was about.

"I must bring this affair to a head quickly," thought the youth, and he made up his mind to put into effect rather a desperate plan.

This was no more nor less than to leave his position behind the tree and make a rush for the one behind which the Tory was ensconced.

Having decided upon his plan of action, Dick lost no time.

Leaping out from behind the tree, he ran toward the tree his enemy was behind. He ran on tiptoes, and made as little noise as was possible.

The Tory did not hear him till Dick was close to the tree, and then he peered around the side of the tree, saw Dick, and giving vent to a yell of terror, turned and fled at the top of his speed.

The youth fired, and hit the fellow in the arm, causing him to give vent to a still wilder yell, of pain and fear commingled, and then the speed with which the Tory widened the distance between Dick and himself would have put the best efforts of a greyhound to the blush.

Feeling that he had nothing to fear from the Tory, Dick now hastened to where his horse stood, untied the halter-strap, and leaped into the saddle. The first Tory Dick had shot lay groaning where he had fallen, but the youth gave him only a passing glance.

A look down the road showed him the head of the column of Tories, and he saw they were running.

They would be within musket-shot distance in a few moments, and so, having no time to fool away, Dick spoke to Major, and the animal bounded away up the road.

The Tories saw Dick, and set up a shout.

"Oh, yell," murmured Dick. "Little good will it do you."

Onward Major galloped, and in a few moments Dick was out of sight of the enemy.

When the Tories reached the spot where the wounded man lay, and saw him, they were very angry.

They gathered around the Tory and asked him questions, but all he could do was groan.

"I wonder where Jim is?" remarked a man who seemed to be the commander of the force. "Poor Bill don't seem to be able to understand anything, or to speak."

"Thar's Jim now," said one of the men.

He was right; the Tory who had been wounded in the arm had paused when at a safe distance, and had seen Dick ride away, and had also seen his comrades coming up the road, and so he made his way slowly back to where they were gathered around the wounded man.

"What does this mean, Jim?" asked the leader. "Who did this?"

"I don't know who he wuz, sir," was the reply. "All thet I know is thet he is erbout ther wust feller I've ever run ercross in all my life."

"I see you are wounded also. Do you mean to say that one man did this?"

"No, et wuzn't er man, sir. He wuz on'y er youngster—not more'n eighteen yeers old, I sh'd say."

"Indeed?"

"Yas, but he fooled Bill an' me, all right—an' how is Bill? Hez he got et fur good an' all?"

"No, I think he will get well; he is badly wounded, however."

"I'm glad thar is er chance fur Bill. An' ef ever I git er chance at ther young feller whut done this I'll fix 'im, thet's whut I'll do!"

"He was a young fellow, you say?"

"Yas; but he's er rebel, I'm shore, an' er bad wun, too."

"How did he manage to get the better of you two?"

"He fooled us, sir; thet's how he done et. He hed been up in thet tree, thar—whut fur, I don't know—an' wuz climbin' down when Bill an' me spied him. We drawed our pistols an' stood thar, waiting fur 'im ter git ter ther groun', an' when he dropped we ordered 'im ter throw up his han's an' surrender, an' he done et quick enuff."

"Ah! And he got the better of you after that?" in surprise.

"Yas. Ye see, he done this so prompt-like, an' seemed so kinder scart thet we thort he wuzn' enny good ertall, an' wuz keerless, an' ther furst thing we knowed he hed jumped erhind a tree an' hed dropped pore Bill in his tracks."

"Ah!"

"Waal, I jumped erhin' er tree, an' thort ez how I'd be able ter git ther better uv ther youngster, but he wuz too much fur me."

"Well, well!"

"He wuz sech er desprit-like feller thet et kinder took ther grit outer me, ye see, an' so when he jumped out frum berhin' his tree, an' come arunnin' towards me, I jes' up an' skooted, an' he put er bullet through my arm."

"He ought to have put it through your head, you cow-

ard!" exclaimed the leader of the Tories, in angry accents.

The Tory flushed.

"Mebbe he hed orter," was the growling reply, "an' I don't doubt none thet he'd er done et, ef he could. An' I'll bet thet thar hain't menny thet'd er done diffrent frum whut I done."

"Bah! The idea of two men letting a boy get the better of them! It disgusts me to think of it."

Jim turned and walked away, nursing his wounded arm, and the leader gave orders for a hammock to be made out of a blanket, and Bill was placed in this, and the march was resumed.

"We'll leave Bill at the first farmhouse we come to," said the leader. "We can't take him with us, that is certain."

This was self-evident.

Half an hour later the Tories came to a farmhouse, and stopped. The leader of the Tories asked if they might leave the wounded man there, and were given permission, the people who lived there being Tories themselves.

"We'll take keer uv 'im," said the farmer. "He'll be all right heer."

So Bill's comrades carried him into the house, and placed him on a bed, and his wounds were dressed the best the men could do it.

Then they resumed their march, it being their intention to camp that night on the bank of the Edisto river.

CHAPTER VI.

A GREAT VICTORY.

"They are coming, Colonel Pickens."

"Ah, indeed. Then you saw them?"

"Yes, sir."

"In which direction are they from here?"

"Almost due east."

"And they are coming this way?"

"Yes, they are on this road."

"Good! How long before they will put in an appearance, do you think?"

"Possibly an hour and a half."

"Very well. We will be in readiness for them when they get here."

Dick Slater had reached the spot where the patriot partisan force was in waiting for the coming of the Tories.

He had gone to Colonel Pickens, and reported his discovery of the enemy, as given above.

Then he told the story of his encounter with the two Tory scouts, whereat Colonel Pickens looked thoughtful.

"If those Tories are as smart as they ought to be," he said, slowly, "they will suspect a trap, I fear."

"On account of my having been where the two scouts saw me—up in a tree?"

"Yes, and the fact that you got the better of the two will prove that you are no ordinary youth. I fear it will set them thinking."

"Perhaps not," said Dick.

"I hope not, for I want to strike the rascals a blow that they will not get over in a hurry, and if we can take them by surprise, we can easily do it."

"I will go back up the road a mile," said the youth. "I will see if they are still coming this way. If so, that will be pretty good proof that they do not suspect anything."

"That will be a good idea," agreed Colonel Pickens.

The "Liberty Boy" leaped into the saddle and rode away back up the road in the direction from which he had come a few minutes before. When he had gone a mile or so he paused and dismounted, tied his horse, and again climbed a tree.

A mile away he saw the Tories.

"They are marching right along, just as if nothing had happened," thought Dick. "I don't believe they are suspicious of danger."

In this he was correct. The Tories were new to the business, and could not read signs so readily as regular soldiers would have done, and their leader, while he had given the matter of the presence of the youthful stranger some thought, and had wondered what he had climbed the tree for, did not think that it foreshadowed danger for his force.

Another thing—he had seven hundred men, and felt that they would easily be more than a match for any force of patriot partisans that could be got together in that part of the country.

So forward the Tories marched, with confident steps and air.

The "Liberty Boy" did not remain in the tree very long. He saw that the enemy was coming right along, and felt confident it would continue to do so.

"I'll get back and tell Colonel Pickens," thought Dick. "He will be pleased when he learns that the Tories are still coming."

He climbed down to the ground, untied his horse, leaped into the saddle, and rode away at a gallop.

He was soon at the point where the patriots were in waiting.

"Did you see them this time, Captain Slater?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sir."

"And are they still marching this way?"

"They are."

"Ah. Then it seems likely that they are not suspicious, after all."

"That is the way it would seem, sir."

"Well, we will be ready for them."

Then he issued order after order, and the men obeyed promptly.

Soon the two hundred and twenty men were stretched along the road, but hidden from sight behind trees, and amid the underbrush, for a distance of more than a quar-

ter of a mile, one-half the force being on one side of the road, the other half on the other.

The plan was to let the Tories march along till the front end of the column was even with the farther end of the line of patriots. This would bring the greater number of the Tories where they could be fired upon at close range, and there was little doubt in the minds of Colonel Pickens and Dick Slater that they would be enabled to so paralyze the enemy that it could offer no resistance of any moment.

Colonel Pickens was in command of his men at one side of the road, while Dick was in command of his "Liberty Boys," on the opposite side.

Presently the head of the Tory column came in sight, up the road.

Closer and closer it came, and the patriots waited patiently, but eagerly.

Every eye was on the oncoming Tories, and every finger was on the trigger, the muskets being cocked and in readiness for instant use when the time should come.

Soon the Tories were entering the lane that was to soon be a lane of death.

There was no movement among the patriots to apprise the Tories that danger and death lurked near by. The patriots were old hands, and were as motionless as so many statues.

As the front end of the column neared the point where the end of the patriot column was, however, the muskets were lifted and placed to the shoulders of their owners, while the eyes glanced keenly down the barrels, and sighted through the sights carefully.

Colonel Pickens was up at the farther end of the line, and he was to give the signal, which was to be a single pistol shot.

Presently the shot rang out.

And then, almost instantly, there came the sound of a volley, the patriots having pressed the triggers immediately on hearing the signal.

The volley did great damage among the Tories.

The distance was so short, and the patriots had taken such careful aim, that the execution was terrible.

It would have been much worse had it been possible for each of the patriots to select a different individual to aim at. They could not do this, however, as one could have no knowledge of which one his neighbor was aiming at, and the result was that in many instances several of them fired at the same man, who in every such case fell, pierced by a number of bullets, while three or four of the men close by him were not injured at all.

But it was terrible enough as it was.

At least seventy-five of the Tories went down, dead and wounded.

Be it said to the credit of the Tories, however, that they proved themselves quite the reverse of cowards.

Instead of fleeing, as might have been expected, after

such a surprise and slaughter, they drew their weapons and opened fire into the bushes at both sides of the road.

This caused the patriots to get down to work in earnest, and drawing their pistols, they fired four volleys in swift succession, doing great execution.

This was too much for the Tories.

They gave utterance to cries of terror, and throwing down their muskets, fled—that is, such of them as were not within the jaws of the trap fled. There were about three hundred that found themselves surrounded, and they surrendered.

It was a great victory for the patriots.

At least one hundred and fifty of the Tories had fallen, dead and wounded, and three hundred were prisoners, while of the patriot force, only six were killed and eight wounded. None of these, fortunately, were seriously wounded.

The commander of the Tories was among those captured, and he was a crestfallen-looking man, if ever there was one.

When he learned that this had all been accomplished by only a few more than two hundred men he hardly knew what to think.

As night was now close at hand, it was decided to go into camp here.

This was done, and after the soldiers had eaten their supper and rested awhile, the work of burying the dead was begun. Of course the wounded had been attended to as soon as the engagement was over.

"Jim," the Tory scout Dick had wounded, and who had come on with the main body of loyalists, was among the captured, and when he saw Dick he scowled.

"So yer heer, air ye?" he growled.

"Yes, and so are you," with a smile.

"But I won't stay."

"Won't you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Becos I don't want'er."

"You'll have to stay."

"I'll bet I won't haf ter stay."

"Such talk is folly," said Dick.

"Waal, I'll show ye. I'm goin' ter git erway, and whut's more, I'm goin' ter git even with ye fur shootin' Bill an' me, thet's whut I'm goin' ter do!"

"I guess you are a great fellow to boast," and then Dick walked away, not giving the man another thought.

"I'm er boaster, am I?" the man muttered, looking after the youth darkly. "Waal, I'll show ye whether er not I am, my fine young feller!"

Pretty soon Sambo, Colonel Pickens' colored cook, and man of all work, happened to stroll along past where the Tory, Jim, lay, and the Tory called to Sambo.

"Hey, ye black feller," he called out, "come heer." Jim was careful to speak in a low voice, just loud enough for the negro to hear.

Sambo walked up and gazed down upon the Tory, eyeing him as best he could in the darkness.

"Did yo' call ter me, w'ite man?" the negro asked.

"Yas. Say, d'ye want'er make sum munny?"

"I'se allus on de lookout foah er chance ter make munny, w'ite man," was the reply.

"I'll tell ye how ye kin do et, then."

"How?"

The Tory gave a swift glance around, saw that there was no patriot soldier near, and said, in what he intended to be an impressive manner:

"By settin' me free."

The negro gave utterance to a low whistle.

"So dat's whut yo' is arter wantin' me ter do, is hit?" Sambo asked.

"Yas."

"An' yo'll gib me munny ter do hit?"

"Yas," eagerly.

"Whar is dat munny, w'ite man?"

"In an inside pocket uv my shirt."

The negro stepped forward, unbuttoned the shirt, drew out a wallet, and stuffed it into his pocket.

"I'm much erbliged ter yo', w'ite man, I am, so," he said coolly, and he started to walk away.

"Hol' on!" cried the Tory. "Hain't ye goin' ter sot me free?"

"Me sot yo' free?—I guesses not, Mister Tory. My massa he'd kill me uf I wuz ter do dat, so he would."

"Then put my munny back inter my pocket, blast yer black hide."

"Oh, no, I couldn' t'ink ob doin' dat, sah. De munny won't do yo' no good, ennyhow, whar yo's goin', an' hit'll do me er lot ob good."

"Stop, thief! Hold on, you black scoundrel!" roared the Tory, but Sambo only chuckled and walked away.

"Hi, I got de better ob dat Tory-feller dat time," said Sambo to himself, as he walked away. "Golly, but he talks some lak he wuz mad erbout sumfin!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE "LIBERTY BOYS' " WAGER.

"I don't believe it is practicable, Dick."

"You do not?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because the British are on the watch too closely. It is said that they have a guard stationed along the river for a distance of ten miles in either direction, and that it would be impossible for any party of patriots to get across without the fact being known."

"I'll wager that myself and 'Liberty Boys' could get across, and that we could march around the town of Augusta, and recross again, and do it in safety."

"Very well, Captain Slater. I'll make the wager with

you, that you and your 'Liberty Boys' cannot cross the Savannah River, anywhere within ten miles of Augusta."

"Done; but what shall the wager be for?"

"I'll tell you. Let it be for the command of our combined force the next engagement we have with the enemy."

"All right," extending his hand, which the other grasped and shook heartily.

"I have a reason for having you make the attempt, Dick," said Colonel Pickens. "If you succeed, then I wish to try to get across the Savannah River with our combined force and strike the British a blow. By taking them by surprise, we would be enabled to do a great deal of damage, I am confident, and would not be running such a terrible risk."

"Well, if there is a place where a crossing can be made, then we will find it."

It was the day after the capture of the force of Tories.

The prisoners had been sent away, under an escort of twenty of Colonel Pickens' men, and this left about two hundred in the main force.

The above conversation had taken place between Dick Slater and Colonel Pickens.

Dick at once made his way to where his "Liberty Boys" were, and told them what he was going to try to do.

"Why, that will be easy enough, Dick," said Bob Estabrook.

"I don't know about it, Bob."

"Well, we will try it, and see, anyway."

The youths were all in for it.

Anything that offered difficulties or was spiced with danger had an attraction for them.

"When shall we start, Dick?" asked Sam Sanderson.

"Oh, some time after dinner. There is no hurry, as we won't want to reach the vicinity of the river until night-fall."

"How far is it to Augusta?" asked Mark Morrison.

"About twenty-five miles."

"We won't need to start till the middle of the afternoon, then."

"Well, yes. You see, I want to make some scouting expeditions and get the lay of the land before dark. We will halt when a mile or more from the river, however."

About one o'clock the "Liberty Boys" mounted their horses and rode away toward the west.

The patriot partisans under Colonel Pickens gave the youths a cheer as they went, and the youths gave utterance to a cheer in response.

Then they rode onward for three hours.

Believing that they must be nearing the vicinity of the Savannah River, Dick called a halt.

"What do you think, Dick?" asked Bob. "Do you suppose we are near the river?"

"I rather think so, Bob, and I guess we might as well stop, here, and settle down and take it easy—or, rather, you boys will do so; I'll go on a reconnoitering expedition."

"Better let me go along, Dick," said Bob, as they were dismounting.

"No; I will go alone. I can learn all that will be necessary, and will not be so likely to be seen as if there were two of us."

The youths led the horses back into the timber a hundred yards, and tied them to trees, and then Dick, first cautioning his comrades to be careful and not make too much noise, took his departure.

He went westward, for he knew the Savannah River lay in that direction.

He had gone perhaps a mile when he was suddenly startled by hearing a cry for help.

The cry was in a woman's voice—or a girl's, at least. There was terror in the tones.

"Help! Help!" was the cry, and the voice shook and quavered in such a degree as to be plainly heard.

"Jove, a girl or woman is in distress," thought Dick. "I will see what is the trouble."

He dashed forward on a run.

He was careful to make as little noise as possible, however, for he did not know what he might happen upon.

Suddenly he came to the edge of a little clearing, in the center of which was a log house of goodly size. A few yards from the front door of the house stood a girl; her back was toward Dick, so he could not judge as to her age, but he could see she was not very old; and between the girl and the door stood four brawny Indians.

"Great guns; Indians!" said Dick to himself.

He was amazed.

He had not expected to see Indians in this vicinity.

"They are Cherokees," he added.

The "Liberty Boy" was familiar with the characteristics of the various tribes of Indians, and had no difficulty in deciding that these were Cherokees.

"They are a long way from their hunting-grounds," he thought. "Doubtless they have been persuaded to come down here by the British."

At this moment one of the Indians took a couple of steps toward the girl, which had the effect of making her again give vent to the cry:

"Help! Help!"

Then, as if having just gained control of her physical being, the girl whirled and ran with all her might.

She headed straight toward where Dick stood.

He was shielded from observation behind a large tree.

He took a keen survey of the situation, and saw that, while the Indians were giving chase, and were undoubtedly able to overtake her sooner or later, they would not be able to do it before she reached the edge of the timber.

"So I'll stay here and be ready to give them a warm reception," thought Dick.

He drew two pistols, cocked them, and holding one in each hand, waited quietly for the redskins to come within range.

Fear seemed to lend the girl wings, for she ran very swiftly, and the Indians were not gaining on her very fast.

Still, if left to themselves, without interference from

any one, the Indians would ultimately have overtaken and captured the maiden.

The girl was soon across the open ground, and entered the timber, passing within three yards of where Dick stood.

"Stop, miss," said Dick. "I am a friend, and will protect you."

The girl glanced around, saw Dick, and then paused and stood staring at him in wondering amazement.

The "Liberty Boy" was not looking at her, however; his eyes were on the Indians.

They were now within range, and raising one of the pistols to a level, Dick took quick aim and fired.

The foremost redskin threw up his arms and fell headlong to the ground, a wild, blood-curdling shriek on his lips.

The other three paused instantly.

They had not been expecting any such thing as this, and the death of their comrade seemed to strike terror to their hearts.

Up came Dick's other arm.

Again he took quick aim, again the pistol shot rang out, and another of the redskins threw up his arms and fell headlong to the ground, a yell of agony going up from his lips.

This was too much for the other two Indians, and they turned and fled at the top of their speed.

The "Liberty Boy" dropped the empty pistols and drew two more, which he cocked, and leveling, fired in quick succession, seemingly without taking aim.

One of the Indians was struck by a bullet, however, for he gave utterance to a wild yell of pain; but the wound was not serious enough to make him stop. Indeed, if anything, he increased his speed, for he quickly passed his companion and left him behind in the race.

Feeling that there was no more danger to be apprehended from the redskins, Dick turned and looked to see what had become of the girl.

He saw her standing near at hand.

"Ah, you are here, are you, miss?" remarked Dick, lifting his hat and bowing courteously. "Well, I think you are safe. I have ended the careers of two of the red scoundrels and put the other two to flight, and I very much doubt their coming back this way again."

The girl stepped forward and extending her hand, which Dick grasped, said:

"Oh, sir, from the bottom of my heart I thank you! You have saved me from a terrible fate, and you will have my gratitude forever and ever."

"You do not owe me any thanks, miss," said Dick. "I was only too glad to put bullets through those redskins. They are in with the British, and—well, I don't like the British."

"Neither do I, sir," was the quick reply. "I am a patriot, and so are my father and mother—though we have to be very careful what we say, for there are Tory neighbors

around us, and the British occupy Augusta where we have to go to do our trading, and to sell our farm produce."

"I understand, Miss——"

"My name is Laura Sanders."

"And mine, Miss Laura, is Dick Slater."

The girl started, and gave utterance to the exclamation:

"Dick Slater!"

"Yes, Miss Laura."

"I have heard father speak of you, many times, Mr. Slater. You are the commander of a company of young men who are known as 'The Liberty Boys of '76,' are you not?"

"Yes."

"I am glad to hear it, I assure you. Captain Slater, just raise your hands above your head, and surrender. I have you covered, and if you make a move to draw a weapon, I will put a bullet through you!"

The words were in a stern, masculine voice, and turning his head, Dick saw a British soldier standing near, with a pair of pistols leveled in a threatening manner.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN IMPROMPTU DUEL.

The British soldier was a captain, judging by his uniform.

He was a man of perhaps thirty years, and his face was not a pleasing one.

To the contrary, it impressed the keen observer very unfavorably.

There were lines and seams which only dissipation and riotous living could have placed there.

The eyes, too, were fierce and sinister.

Dick Slater took all this in at a glance, even while realizing that he was in great danger.

This one man was more to be dreaded than the four Indians; at least so Dick believed.

But the youth was far from being willing to give up, and permit himself to be made a prisoner by the red-coat.

He would turn the tables and get the better of the fellow, if such a thing was possible.

In order to throw the man off his guard, and make him think he would have no trouble at all, Dick promptly raised his hands above his head, saying:

"Well, sir, you have the better of me."

A sinister smile came over the British officer's face.

"That is a self-evident fact," he said, in a harsh voice.

"And now, Mr. Dick Slater, what are you doing in these parts?"

"Nothing in particular, sir."

"Bah! You are here for some purpose."

"Oh, I simply wished to take a look at the country, that is all."

"Bosh! That will do to tell, but not to believe. You are here for a purpose, and I know what the purpose is."

"Do you?"

"I do."

"What is it, then?"

"You are Miss Sanders' sweetheart, and are here to see her."

The "Liberty Boy" was surprised.

He gave the girl a quick look, and saw her blush crimson.

The captain saw it, too, and a fierce look came into his eyes.

The girl's blush was as proof positive to his mind.

The "Liberty Boy" thought he understood the situation.

"The redcoat is in love with Miss Laura," he told himself, "and is jealous of me. Well, I would rather he should think that than that he should suspect me of being here on a spying expedition."

Aloud he said:

"So you think I am Miss Laura's sweetheart?"

"I know it."

The youth shook his head.

"You are mistaken, I assure you," he said.

"No, I am not."

"Yes, you are."

"I know better, and as I happen to have aspirations in that direction myself, I think that I shall see to it that you are placed in such a condition before we part, as to effectually put an end to your career as a competitor with myself."

"You are mistaken, Captain Shannon," said the girl, her voice trembling. "I have never met Mr. Slater before."

The officer smiled sarcastically.

"It seems impolite and uncourteous to doubt a lady's word," he said, "but it must be taken into consideration that he is your sweetheart, and you would naturally say anything to get him out of trouble."

"He is not my sweetheart."

"That's right," with a sarcastic smile. "Stick to it."

"The young lady speaks the truth," said Dick, with dignity, "and you will pardon me if I say that I do not think you are much of a gentleman."

A black look came over the officer's face.

"Oh, you think I am not much of a gentleman, do you?" he said, menacingly.

"I do. No gentleman would tell a lady that she was telling an untruth."

"I suppose you know all about what constitutes a gentleman!" in a sneering voice.

"I think I do; and I also think I know a brave man when I see one, and you do not come under that head."

"I suppose you think I am a coward?"

"I am sure of it."

The officer glared at Dick for a few moments in a fierce manner, and for awhile the youth almost thought the red-

coat would fire upon him. He did not do so, however, but said instead:

"What can I do to prove to you that I am not a coward?"

"You still insist that I am this young lady's sweetheart?" asked Dick.

"I do," was the prompt reply.

"Then I'll tell you how you can prove that you are not a coward."

"How?"

"By fighting me for her hand."

"And whichever one of us wins is to have the young lady?"

"As to that I can not say; that will have to be left for her to decide. What I mean is, that we shall fight, to see which shall pay suit to the young lady, and she, of course, will not be bound to accept of the suit of the winner."

"Ah, I understand. Well, I accept your proposition, simply to prove to you—and to her—that I am not a coward. We will fight a duel, and thus decide the matter."

"That suits me, captain."

"What weapons shall we use?"

"Any weapons that you like."

"You leave me to name them?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Then I say—knives."

The "Liberty Boy" was astonished.

He had supposed that the officer would say pistols.

He would never have expected a British soldier to name knives as weapons in a case of this kind.

"Knives suit me, very well," he said.

"Good enough. Get ready, and we will quickly settle this matter."

"I beg of you two gentlemen not to fight!" cried the girl. "Captain Slater is not my sweetheart, Captain Shannon, and I have told you time and again that I do not, nor ever can, love you; so there is no reason why you should fight—none whatever!"

"It is a question of whether we shall fight, or whether I shall shoot him down in cold blood, Miss Laura," said the captain, coldly, "and for his sake, you had better keep quiet and let us have it out in our own way."

"Yes, and then if you don't wish to have either of us for a suitor, you will not be bound to do so, Miss Laura," added Dick.

He was only too glad to have a chance to get out of the difficulty in which he found himself.

So far as that was concerned, he believed he would be able to trick the British officer in some manner, anyway, but this would simplify matters. He had no doubt regarding his ability to beat the captain when it came to an encounter with knives.

The "Liberty Boy" was exceedingly expert with the knife, as he was also with the sword, and with pistols he had no superior.

He drew his knife from his belt, and the officer did the same.

They advanced and stood facing each other.

The girl stood a few yards to one side, her eyes fixed upon the two, as if she were fascinated.

A moment the two stood, gazing into each other's eyes, and then the knives clashed together.

The duel was on.

The British captain evidently thought he would easily overcome the youthful patriot, for he attacked fiercely. He seemed bent on ending the matter quickly.

The "Liberty Boy" soon proved to him that he had something to say in the matter, however, for he defended himself quite successfully.

He did this till the other became somewhat winded, on account of his exertions, and then it was the youth's turn.

He took the offensive, and now it was the captain who had to defend himself.

This was evidently something the officer had not taken into consideration.

His face paled.

He set his teeth, and glared fiercely, as if hoping to be able to terrorize his opponent in that manner.

If this was his intention he wasted his energy.

Dick Slater was not the youth to be terrified by a look.

He was a veteran, and had had too many desperate experiences for that.

He was cool, calm, and self-possessed.

He gazed into the eyes of his opponent, and almost smiled.

It was easy to see that he was not alarmed for his safety.

The captain saw this, and the knowledge caused him considerable worry.

He began to suspect that he had done a very foolish thing in agreeing to fight a duel with the "rebel."

"I am an idiot," he told himself. "I had him dead to rights, and could have put a bullet through him just as well as not, and I had to let him badger me into fighting him a duel, man to man. If he gets the better of me it will only serve me right—and I begin to fear he will do it."

The officer braced up, and began another attack, forcing Dick to defend himself for a few moments. The captain could not keep it up, however, and soon weakened sufficiently so that Dick was enabled to again take the defensive.

"Now I think I have you, captain," said Dick, with calm confidence.

"You may think so, but you will find you are mistaken," was the fierce reply.

"No, I am not mistaken. I have you at my mercy."

"You lie, you rebel dog. I am your master, and I will yet prove it."

"You cannot do so, captain. You are in my power even now."

"Bosh!"

It was evident from the look on the officer's face, however, that he himself realized that what Dick said was the truth, but of course he was not willing to acknowledge it.

While talking, Dick was pondering whether he should kill, or only wound the British officer. He was not long in deciding. To his mind it seemed too much like murder to kill the man in this way, and he made up his mind to simply wound him and let him go.

He was forcing the captain backward, when the officer caught his heel against something, and fell flat on his back on the ground.

He gave utterance to a cry of fear, disappointment, and anger combined, and leaping to his feet, fled from the spot at the top of his speed.

The duel was ended.

CHAPTER IX.

DICK AND LAURA.

"Oh, I am so glad that you won, Captain Slater!" cried the girl, leaping forward and giving him both her hands. "I was so afraid he would overcome you, and—oh, I hate and fear him, so!"

"And with good cause, too, I believe, Miss Laura," taking the girl's hands and pressing them warmly. "He is, if I mistake not, an arrant villain. He has certainly proved himself to be a great coward."

"Yes, or he would not have run, when he saw he was getting the worst of it."

"You are right; and he would never have consented to meet me in a fair fight if he had not felt confident that he would be able to get the better of me."

"I am sure you are right about that, Mr. Slater."

"Yes, indeed."

"But won't he come back, and try to shoot you down?" with a fearful glance in the direction taken by the fleeing officer.

The youth shook his head.

"I don't think so," he said. "I feel confident that he has given up trying to injure me, for this time. He will likely return to Augusta and make some new plans."

"Likely enough; oh, I wish the British would go away from there; for as long as he is there, I shall have no peace of mind at all. I fear him greatly, Mr. Slater, for I am sure he is a bad man."

"And he is a bad man, Miss Laura; of that I am confident. I would suggest that you be on your guard, for there is no knowing what he might take it into his head to do."

"Do you think he would try to—to—carry me away, Mr. Slater?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"I would not put it past him."

"Well, I shall be on my guard."

"You will do well to be on the watch for him, Miss Laura. And now, can you tell me how far it is to Augusta?"

"It is only a mile, Mr. Slater."

"And that road, yonder, leads straight there?"

"Yes."

"Thanks for the information."

"Surely you are not here in this part of the country, so near the British, all alone, Mr. Slater?"

"No; my 'Liberty Boys' are not far away."

"How many of them are there?"

"One hundred."

The girl shook her head, and looked sober.

"That is not many," she said. "That is, as compared with the number of the British in Augusta. You would be quickly killed or captured if you ventured to Augusta."

"I am not so sure of that, Miss Laura. I think that if we can get across the Savannah river without being discovered by the British we can make a detour and come into the city from the west, and make an attack and escape without being damaged much."

"It is a rash project, Mr. Slater," said the girl, "or at least so it seems to me, but of course I can not set my knowledge up against yours."

"Well, it does seem to be rash, at first glance," agreed Dick, "but it is more often than otherwise that the bold, even rash, moves succeed."

"How are you going to get across the river? It is guarded by the British for miles up and down its length."

"That is the hard part of the problem. But we have made a wager that we will cross it, and stand on the enemy's territory, and we are going to do it, if possible."

"Perhaps I may be able to aid you, Mr. Slater."

"You?"

"Yes. You see, I have lived here all my life, and I know the country all around like a book; and I have fished up and down the river, and know all about it."

"Perhaps you may be able to render us some assistance, then, Miss Laura."

"I shall be glad to do so, Mr. Slater."

"Very well. Do you think you can guide us to a point on the river where it will be possible for us to get across without being discovered by the British?"

"I think so."

"That will be fine. I will go back to where I left my 'Liberty Boys,' and bring them here at once, and then to-night we can——"

"Oh, please don't leave me here alone, Mr. Slater," pleaded the girl, and she gave a glance at the two stark forms of the dead Indians, and shuddered.

"They won't hurt you, Miss Laura," with a smile.

"No, but the—the idea of it, Mr. Slater. I could not bear to be left here alone; and then—Captain Shannon might come back."

"True. Well, I will remain here till your parents come home. By the way, where are they?"

"They went to Augusta to sell some produce."

"They will be back soon, will they not?"

"I think they will."

"Very well. I'll remain till they come."

"Oh, thank you!"

"And I might as well be doing something as not, so if you will get me a spade or shovel I will dig a hole in the ground and put those corpses out of your sight."

"I shall be glad to have you do that. Wait a moment, and I will bring you a spade."

She hastened to a sort of smokehouse which stood not far from the house, and entering it, was gone from sight a few moments; then she reappeared, carrying a spade.

"There," she said, as she handed it to Dick, on reaching the spot where he stood. "Now you can do the work."

"Where shall I bury them?—here in the edge of the timber?"

"That will be as good a place as any, I judge, Mr. Slater."

The youth at once began digging.

He worked steadily, and soon had an excavation made that was sufficient for his needs.

He then threw down the spade, and said to the girl:

"Now, if you will step away a short distance I will bring the dead bodies and inter them."

"Oh, I have got over the feeling of horror that had hold of me, Mr. Slater," said the girl. "I shall not mind much. It was the fear of being left here alone that caused me to experience such a feeling of horror."

Then Dick dragged the two bodies to the hole, and rolled them in, after which he covered them over.

Just as he finished an exclamation of pleasure escaped the lips of the girl:

"There are father and mother, now!"

The youth looked, and saw that a team had just come to a stop in front of the house. In the wagon was a man and a woman.

"I am glad they have come," said Dick. "Now I will go at once, and bring the 'Liberty Boys' here."

"Come and meet father and mother first, Mr. Slater," pleaded the girl.

"Well, I will do so, but will stop only a few moments. And remember, Miss Laura, no thanking me on their part."

"You are too modest, Mr. Slater."

They walked across the clearing, and were almost to the wagon before they were seen by the girl's parents.

"Ah, there's Laura," said Mr. Sanders. "Where have you been, daughter?"

"I will tell you all, father and mother; but first, let me make you acquainted with Captain Dick Slater, of whom we have so often heard."

Mrs. Sanders was already out of the wagon, and now Mr. Sanders leaped out, and both gave the youth a pleasant greeting.

Then Laura told her parents the story of how Dick had

saved her from capture at the hands of the four Indians.

The two uttered exclamations of dismay when they heard of the presence of Indians in the vicinity of their home, and then they thanked Dick earnestly for what he had done for their daughter.

"Don't say a word," said Dick. "I was only too glad to do what I did. I have no love for redskins at any time or under any circumstances, and still less when I know that they are acting as helpers to the British. And then, I am always more than glad to be able to render assistance to one of the same sex as my mother."

Then Laura told about Captain Shannon, and her parents looked grave.

"I fear that will lead to trouble in the future," said Mr. Sanders, "and again I thank you, Mr. Slater. It seems that we owe you a deeper debt of gratitude for what you have done for our daughter than we shall ever be able to pay."

"I assure you, Mr. Sanders, that you must not consider yourselves at all in my debt, for it was a pleasure to me, and I got pay in that way for what I did."

He talked a few minutes longer with the three, and then said he must be going.

"I will be back within the hour," he added, "and my 'Liberty Boys' will be with me."

"And I am going with them, to show them where they can get across the Savannah river without being seen by the British soldiers who are on guard along its shores, father and mother," said Laura.

Then Dick explained what he intended trying to do.

"It will be a rash undertaking, I fear, Mr. Slater," said Mr. Sanders.

"So your daughter said, but I think it is not so rash as it seems at first thought. We are going to cross the river, anyway, if such a thing is possible, for we have made a wager that we can do so."

"Well, Laura can show you the best place to make the attempt, I am sure," was the reply.

"I shall be glad to have her do so."

Then Dick took his departure, and half an hour later was back among his "Liberty Boys."

"Say, you've been gone an awfully long time, Dick," said Bob, in a dissatisfied voice.

"We thought you had been gobbled by the redcoats," said Mark Morrison.

"I had an adventure," said Dick, "and that delayed me."

"Tell us about it," cried the youths.

The youth did so, the "Liberty Boys" listening with interest.

They were surprised to hear of the presence of Indians in the vicinity, but expressed satisfaction that Dick had killed a couple of the red rascals.

"Now get ready, boys, and we will go to the Sanders' home, and as soon as it gets dark enough, we will start for the Savannah River, under the guidance of the girl,

who says she thinks she can show us a place where we can cross without the knowledge of the British guards."

Ten minutes later they were making their way toward the Sanders' home.

CHAPTER X.

LAURA ACTS AS GUIDE.

It was dark by the time they arrived at the home of the patriot, and after some discussion it was decided to leave their horses there, as it would be dangerous to try to take them across the Savannah River.

There was a little basin of an acre or more in extent, just back of Mr. Sanders' stable, and the horses were tethered in this basin. As it was completely surrounded by trees and dense bushes, it was not likely that anyone would discover the presence of the horses.

Mrs. Sanders and Laura had been busily engaged, cooking, while Dick was gone, and they had cooked enough for one hundred men, so Dick and his "Liberty Boys" ate their supper here.

Then Laura got ready, and told Dick she would lead his party to a point where they could cross the river.

"You will need a long rope," she said.

"A rope?" remarked Dick.

"Yes."

"What will we do with a rope?"

"Cross the river on it."

"How?"

"By tying it to a tree on this side, and then carrying the other end across and tying it to another tree."

"Ah, I begin to understand. But I thought the river was too wide for that."

"Not at the point I shall guide you to."

"Good! How long will the rope have to be?"

"I should say about one hundred and fifty feet."

"We can make one that length by tying short ones together."

This was done, and then the party set out.

The girl and Dick were in the lead, and half an hour later the bank of the river was reached.

"The night was not very dark, there being a good moon, and it was easy to see what would have to be done."

The river was quite narrow here, and Dick believed the girl's plan would be practicable.

He tied the end of the rope to a strong tree near the bank, and then asked who would volunteer to swim across and carry the other end of the rope and make it fast to a tree on the other bank.

A dozen volunteered, but Dick laughingly told them they could not all go, and selecting the youth who stood nearest him, he told him to do the work.

The youth in question doffed coat and waistcoat, as well

as hat and shoes, and fastening the end of the rope around his waist, struck out.

The stream was very swift here, but the "Liberty Boy" was a splendid swimmer, and soon succeeded in making his way across.

Then he tied the other end of the rope to a tree, after pulling up all the slack, and the unique bridge was ready.

Realizing now that they were on the verge of being successful in getting across the stream, Dick decided to send word to Colonel Pickens, and have him come at once, and then the entire force could make the attack on Augusta.

He selected Harry Somers for this work. Harry was a bright, handsome, energetic youth, and he had, as Dick had noted, taken a liking to Laura Sanders; and in the hope that it might result in a mutual attachment, Dick selected Harry, as the youth would return to the girl's home in her company, and this would give them an opportunity to become better acquainted.

So Dick said to Harry:

"Harry, I have decided to send you back with Miss Laura, and as soon as you reach her home, saddle and bridle your horse and start for the encampment of Colonel Pickens."

"All right, Dick," was the eager reply.

"Tell the colonel that we have crossed the Savannah river, and that we are waiting for him to join us, when we will make an attack on Augusta," added Dick.

"I'll do it, Dick."

"Good! Now, away with you—but be careful and don't permit yourself to be captured by redcoats, Tories, or Indians."

"They won't get me, Dick."

"See to it that they don't."

Then Dick bade Laura good-by, after thanking her for her kindness in guiding them to this spot.

"You are more than welcome, Mr. Slater," was the reply. "You must remember that I owe you a great deal yet for what you did for me this afternoon."

"You owe me nothing, Miss Laura," said Dick. "Now go along with Harry, who will escort you back to your home."

Harry Somers and Laura Sanders set out, and soon disappeared from view, and then the "Liberty Boys" turned their attention to the work before them.

"Let's get to work, fellows," said Dick. "Go ahead now, in turn. It will be a bit hard on the hands, but you can do it, all right."

The youths at once began the work of getting across the river on the rope.

Hanging by their hands, the "Liberty Boys," one after another, worked their way across the stream. They had won their wager; they were on the enemy's territory.

Now that they were on the Georgia shore, the youths began looking around for a secure place to stay till they could be joined by Colonel Pickens and his men.

If Harry Somers made quick time it would be possible

for him to be back there, with Pickens' force, by three o'clock in the morning, so Dick thought.

So they hunted till they found a seemingly secure place, and here they settled down to take it easy—that is to say, the majority did. Six of the youths, Dick being one of the six, set about reconnoitering, so as to locate the guards, and the extent of their posts. This was necessary, as it would enable the patriots to get through the lines when Colonel Pickens' force came, and make their way around to the rear of the town of Augusta. This done, it would be possible to take the British by surprise, as they would not be looking for danger from that direction.

Harry Somers and Laura Sanders made their way through the timber, going at a fairly rapid pace.

Harry engaged the girl in conversation, for he had fallen in love with her, and he talked for the sake of hearing her voice, this being great enjoyment for him.

He kept telling her that there was no hurry, for her to go slowly, as there was plenty of time, and then he told himself that he would ride that much faster, when once he was mounted and headed for the encampment of Colonel Pickens.

They were perhaps half an hour in reaching Laura's home, and it was the happiest half-hour Harry had ever spent.

He told Laura so, when he bade good-by to her at the door, and she blushed, for, with her feminine intuition, she had already discovered that the handsome young "Liberty Boy" loved her.

"I enjoyed it, too," she said, shyly.

"Oh, did you, really?" exclaimed Harry, his face lighting up. "I'm so glad, and—I'll tell you why some day."

"Very well, Mr. Somers," was the reply. "Good-by." "Good-by."

The girl gave him her hand, which he pressed warmly, and then, bending over quickly and impulsively, he kissed the hand.

"Please don't be angry," he said.

"I'm not angry," was the low reply, and there was something in the look which the girl gave him that caused Harry to be even more bold, for he quickly drew her to him, and gave her a kiss full upon her lips.

"I hope you won't be angry even now," breathed Harry, "for—I really could not help it—Laura."

"I'm not angry—Harry," breathed the girl, and then, with a whispered "good-by," she disappeared within the house, and the "Liberty Boy" made his way to the place where the horses were tethered, feeling that he was the happiest fellow in the whole world.

He soon had his horse bridled and saddled, and then led the animal out to the road.

He leaped into the saddle, gave a glance at the house, within which was the girl he loved, and then spoke to his horse.

Away the animal bounded, and then Harry put his whole mind on the work that was before him.

He realized that there was considerable responsibility resting on his shoulders.

Dick trusted him to reach the encampment of Colonel Pickens as quickly as possible, and bring the force back with him, and Harry was determined to be worthy of the trust.

He rode eastward till he came to a cross-road, and then he turned south.

He continued onward at a gallop, and mile after mile was reeled off.

He kept a sharp lookout, for he did not want to be captured.

That would be bad, for it would spoil Dick Slater's plans.

Onward rode Harry.

He was fortunate in not meeting anyone at all, much less an enemy, and he reached the patriot encampment about half-past eleven.

He was challenged by the sentinel, told who he was, and a few minutes later was in the encampment.

Leaping to the ground, he went to the tent occupied by Colonel Pickens.

An orderly was on duty in front of the tent; he was keeping up the fire, which blazed near by.

"I am Harry Somers, orderly," the youth said. "You know me. I am a messenger from Captain Slater, and wish to see Colonel Pickens."

"Show him in, orderly," called a voice from within the tent. "I am not asleep."

The orderly held the tent-flap back, and Harry entered.

Colonel Pickens was sitting on a camp-stool, looking at some papers by the light of a candle, but placed the papers in his pocket and turned to face Harry as the youth entered.

"Well, my boy, what is the news?" he asked.

"Captain Slater sent me to tell you that he has succeeded in crossing the Savannah River, sir," said Harry.

"Ha! he has succeeded, you say?"

"Yes, sir; and he says that if you will come at once, with your force, you can get across in safety, and that then the combined forces can make a circuit and attack Augusta from the rear."

"Very good, my boy. As Captain Slater has crossed the Savannah River, and has thereby won his wager, made with me, he is now first in command, and I shall have to obey his orders."

"Oh, he did not give them as orders, sir; he simply said that if you would come at once it would be possible, he was sure, to get through the line of guards and get around to the rear of Augusta. Then, by making a sudden and unexpected attack, he thinks it possible to strike a blow that the British will remember."

"I lost my wager with Captain Slater, and in accordance with my agreement, I now place myself and force under his command; we will start just as soon as the men can get ready. I will give the order at once."

He did so, and the men were soon up and working like beavers to get ready quickly.

CHAPTER XI.

A DARING ATTACK.

"Is this the place?"

"Yes, sir."

"And this is the home of a patriot?"

"Yes. Our horses are in a little, sheltered basin, around back of the stable, and there is room for your horses as well."

"Very good."

"Come along. I will show you the way."

It was about three o'clock in the morning.

Colonel Pickens' force had ridden hard and fast, and was now at the Sanders' home.

Harry Somers—for it was he and Colonel Pickens who had been conversing—led the way around behind the stable, and to the basin where the "Liberty Boys' " horses were concealed.

The patriot partisans quickly tethered their horses, and were ready to follow Harry, who at once set out through the timber.

Half an hour later the force came out on the bank of the Savannah River.

All was quiet.

The rope was still in place, and everything seemed propitious.

"So that is the way they got across the river, eh?" remarked Colonel Pickens.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it is simple enough."

"But rather difficult, too."

"Yes, it will be a bit hard on the hands. But we are equal to it."

Then he told the men what was expected of them, and the work of crossing was at once begun.

One after another they made their way across, and half an hour later all were on the Georgia bank of the river.

Harry now uttered a peculiar, quavering whistle.

It was answered from amid the shrubbery near at hand, and the youth led the way thither, the patriots following.

The person who had whistled in response to Harry's signal was Dick Slater, and he grasped Colonel Pickens' hand, and shook it.

"Well, we got across the river, you see, colonel," he said.

"Yes, Captain Slater, and now I place myself under your orders, in accordance with my agreement."

"Oh, I don't want you to do that," said the youth. "Think no more about that."

"Oh, but I am a man of my word, my boy," the colonel

insisted, "and all you have to do is to give orders, and they will be obeyed to the letter."

Seeing that the colonel was in earnest, Dick accepted the command of the combined forces, and at once gave his orders.

A few minutes later the force was making its way through the timber.

Thanks to the reconnoitering that had been done, it was not a difficult matter to get through the line of guards, and then the patriots had nothing to fear in the way of detection.

Onward they marched, and an hour later, just as the first faint light of approaching day was to be seen, they reached the western edge of the town of Augusta.

They marched down a silent street, and were soon close upon a sentinel, who must have been dozing, for they were almost on top of him before he saw them, and before he could fire his musket they had leaped upon him and knocked him senseless.

Then they charged down the street, and were soon in the heart of the encampment.

They began firing right and left, into the tents, and soon there was a scene of indescribable confusion. The British soldiers, aroused from their slumbers in this uncere- monious fashion, rushed out and opened fire, but being half-asleep, could not aim to advantage, and their shots for the most part went wild.

The patriot force fired at least five volleys, and then retired as suddenly as it had appeared, leaving the British all mixed up and confused, and scarcely understanding what had occurred.

The patriots had done considerable damage, and not one of their number had been killed, though several were wounded, and some of these had to be helped along.

"They will make up a force and pursue us, likely," said Dick to Colonel Pickens.

"Yes; but I think we can get back across the river before they can catch us."

"I think so."

Almost the same route was taken in returning that had been traversed in coming, and by exercising care they managed to slip through the line of guards without being discovered.

Then the question of how the wounded men were to be gotten across the river came up, and it was a serious question. It would be impossible for them to work their way across on the rope, as they had done in coming.

"Perhaps we may find a boat somewhere along the shore," suggested one of the "Liberty Boys," and this suggestion was acted on at once.

Some went up the river and some down, and twenty minutes later one of the searchers put in an appearance in a boat.

This simplified matters wonderfully, and as the majority of the patriots had already crossed on the rope it did not take long to finish the work.

The rope was taken down, and thus there was nothing

left to furnish the British with a clew as to how the enemy had crossed the river.

The boat was then sent afloat, and soon disappeared down the stream. And just as the patriots were ready to start away, they heard voices and saw British soldiers on the other side of the river, it now being daylight.

The patriots were hidden behind trees and clumps of bushes, however, and the redcoats did not see them.

"They are searching for us," said Colonel Pickens.

"Yes. I guess they wonder who we were, and where we came from."

"Yes, and where we went so quickly."

Then the order was given to march away, and the patriots obeyed, and were soon heading toward the Sanders' home.

They arrived there half an hour later, and found the members of the Sanders' family up.

As the patriots had had a rather hard night's work, they decided to remain here, and have breakfast before starting. This the Sanders were glad to have them do, and Mrs. Sanders and Laura went to work to cook for the soldiers. As it would have taken them several hours to cook enough for all the patriots, however, the men built fires and cooked their own breakfasts.

In this manner the meal was ended within the hour.

Colonel Pickens, Dick, and a number of the "Liberty Boys" ate in the house with the Sanders family, Harry Somers being one of the favored ones, Dick having seen to that, much to Harry's satisfaction.

"I believe Dick knows I'm in love with Laura," the youth told himself, "and it's kind of him to think of me in this way."

While the men were eating their breakfast, a British officer—a captain—was approaching from the west.

The man was Captain Shannon, and he was coming from Augusta, being bound for the Sanders' home.

Just what his intentions were is hard to say, but it is evident that he was in anything but a mild mood. There was a dark and threatening look on his face.

He was within one hundred yards of the house when he caught sight of the men sitting around the camp-fires, cooking and eating their breakfasts.

"There is that party of rebels that made the attack on us, this morning, and I would be willing to wager anything on it," he muttered.

Fearing that he might be seen, he leaped behind a tree, from which place he watched the scene before him with interest.

"Yes, there are about two hundred of them," he said to himself, "and they are the scoundrels who made the attack. Now, what shall I do?"

His first idea as to hasten back to Augusta, with the news that he had discovered the whereabouts of the rebel force.

After thinking the matter over, however, he decided not to do this. He was as deeply in love with Laura as his nature would permit him to be, and he thought that

he now saw his way clear to making her accept him as a suitor. Her parents were harboring "rebels." He would use that against her as a threat, and if she still refused to have him for a suitor he would inform on her father, who would be arrested and perhaps hanged for being a "rebel" and traitor.

It was too good a chance to let slip, the captain reasoned, and so he remained where he was, until at last the patriot force rode away toward the east.

As soon as it was out of sight around the first bend in the road the captain left his place of concealment and approached the house.

When he was yet thirty yards away Laura came out of the back door, and, catching sight of the captain, she gave utterance to a cry of consternation.

The cry was not loud, and was not heard by her parents, who were in the front room.

Captain Shannon advanced, bowing with exaggerated politeness, while there was a triumphant smile on his sinister face.

"Ah, good-morning, Miss Laura," he said.

"Good-morning," was the reply.

"You seem surprised to see me," with another smile as sinister as the first.

"I—yes—that is—I——"

The girl paused, unable to speak coherently, for she was thinking of the trouble for herself that this visit portended.

"I see you folks have been entertaining company," said the officer, with a sarcastic smile.

"Oh, you saw this, did you?" remarked Laura. She had in a measure recovered control of her faculties, and was determined to put on as bold a front as possible.

"Yes, Miss Laura. I was a witness to it all."

"That is in accordance with your nature—the playing of the part of a spy," said the girl cuttingly.

"Ha, ha, ha! How bitter the young lady can speak when she wishes to!" sneered the captain. "By the way, Miss Laura, I suppose you know that a party of rebels made an attack on the British force in Augusta early this morning."

"No, I know nothing about it, sir."

"You do not?" with a doubting smile.

"I do not."

"Can it be possible that they did not tell you about it?"

"Who?"

"The rebels who were just here."

"They told me nothing. I have no knowledge that the men who were just here are 'rebels'."

"Bravo. Keep it up, Miss Laura," with a sarcastic smile. "You are doing splendidly. You play the part of Miss Ignorance very well indeed. If you know nothing about the men who have just left here, I will tell you: They are the rebels who attacked the British in Augusta this morning."

"Do you really think so, Captain Shannon?"

"I know it, and—so do you!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE END OF A VILLAIN'S CAREER.

The girl drew herself up and gave the captain a scathing look.

"That is about like you," she said scornfully. "You do not fear to say insolent things to girls and women, but I notice you talk differently when there is a man before you."

The captain flushed.

"Bah!" he growled; "I fear no man."

"What made you run so last evening when you fought the duel with Captain Slater?" asked the girl.

"I did not run because of fear."

"Oh, you did not?"

"No; I knew that he would take advantage of my helplessness—I dropped my knife when I tripped and fell—and so I ran. I had had him at my mercy, and had spared his life, at first, and I felt that it was no more than right that I should save my own life, by any means within my power—for I should have shot him down in the first place, instead of agreeing to fight a duel with him. That is one time that I played the fool, and I got what I deserved for doing it."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. But I shall never do such a thing again. But it is time I was talking business, Miss Laura."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this: I am going to ask you to be my wife, and you will not dare refuse."

"I will not dare refuse?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"For the reason that if you do refuse, the life of your father shall pay the forfeit!"

The officer spoke fiercely.

Laura turned pale.

"What do you mean?" she gasped. "How will my father's life pay the forfeit?"

"It is very simple. He has just been entertaining a rebel force, hasn't he?"

"Not that I know of." The girl was determined to admit nothing.

"Well, I know it—and so do you, as I said awhile ago. And, as you will see, all that will be necessary to cause your father to be shot or hung will be for me to return to Augusta and report this affair to my superior officers. The commandant at Augusta, Colonel Thomas Browne, does not like rebels at all, and will be glad of a chance to string one up."

This was said in an offhand, cold-blooded manner that proved conclusively that the speaker would have no scruples in doing as he threatened.

The girl hardly knew what to say, so she simply stood

still, and stared at the captain with a look of horror in her eyes.

"Well," he said, after waiting a few moments. "What do you say? Will you consent to be my wife?"

The girl shuddered.

"I—cannot—consent—to be—your wife," she said, stammeringly.

A dark look came over the captain's face.

"Don't be in too big a hurry to decide," he said, menacingly. "Remember what it means, if you refuse—the certain death of your father!"

"Give me—a—week—to think—about it," said the girl, beseechingly.

The villain was silent a few moments, and then shook his head.

"That is too long," he said. "I'll give you two days in which to think it over. That is long enough."

"Very well. That will have to suffice, I suppose," said Laura slowly.

"Yes, and if you know when you are well off you will not trifle with me. I mean just what I say, and if you refuse me, your father's life shall pay the forfeit. I—ah, who is that, I wonder?"

There was a note of surprise, even alarm, in the captain's voice, and he was gazing up the road toward the east.

Laura turned her head, and saw a horseman approaching. At a glance she recognized the newcomer as being Harry Somers, her "Liberty Boy" lover. He had ridden away with the rest only a few minutes before, but was now returning.

Laura was alarmed. She feared Harry might approach carelessly, and fall a victim to a bullet from the captain's pistol. She noted that even as he spoke the British officer's hand had dropped to the butt of a weapon.

The girl was determined to warn Harry of his danger. She waited till he was within fifty yards, and then called out:

"Harry! Don't come any closer. This man will shoot you if you do!"

An exclamation of rage escaped the captain's lips.

"So this is your lover, eh?" he snarled. "It wasn't Dick Slater after all. Well, I am glad that he has come back, for now I shall have the satisfaction of putting an end to his career."

As he spoke he drew a pistol and cocked it.

Harry Somers—for he it was—brought his horse to a stop, and looked keenly at the British officer. He saw the captain draw the pistol, and realized that the fellow meant mischief.

"All right," he said to himself, grimly. "I'm willing to have war if he is. I think that I can hold my own with any one redcoat, either soldier or officer, who ever set foot on American soil."

He leaped to the ground, and drawing a pistol, cocked it. Then he advanced, slowly and cautiously, keeping his eyes fixed on the British officer.

"Step farther to one side, out of the way, Laura," said Harry. "I don't want to run any risk of hitting you when I shoot."

This seemed to give Captain Shannon an idea, and before Laura could move he leaped forward and seized her in his arms.

Then, holding the girl in front of him, as a shield, he gave utterance to a fiendish laugh of triumph.

"Now shoot if you dare!" he cried. "Shoot, you rascally rebel! Why don't you shoot?"

A scream escaped the lips of Laura, and she struggled to get free from the villain's clasp. She could not do it, however, for he felt that his safety depended on his keeping her in front of him, and he held her tightly.

"Oh, you cowardly scoundrel!" cried Harry Somers, his face white with anger. "Unhand the lady!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Sorry, but I can't accommodate you, my rebel friend."

"Unhand the lady, and fight it out face to face, like a man."

"You must excuse me. I am a British officer, and do not feel called upon to fight a rebel on even terms."

"You are a British scoundrel and coward! You do not dare fight me on equal terms."

"I do not have to do so; therefore I shall not do so."

Crack!

As he spoke the captain fired a shot at Harry Somers.

The bullet whistled past the youth's head, but he did not so much as wink. He had heard the whistle of bullets too many times to be alarmed by it now.

Laura gave utterance to a cry of terror, for she feared that Harry had been wounded.

The youth's action proved that he was not wounded, however, for he bounded forward, with the quickness and agility of a panther.

The captain, of course, had expected to kill the youth with the bullet he had fired. Had he thought of such a thing as missing, doubtless he would have hesitated; but the young man was so close that he thought he could not miss. Now, however, with an empty weapon in his hand, and the youth coming toward him with the swiftness of a panther, he realized that he was in great danger. Before he could draw another pistol the youth would be upon him.

All this flashed through the captain's mind instantly, and then, as he saw Harry was almost upon him, he became desperate, and acting upon the impulse of the moment, hurled Laura straight into the "Liberty Boy's" arms.

The instant he did this he turned and fled at the top of his speed, like the craven-hearted scoundrel that he was.

But his career was nearing its close.

Throwing his left arm around Laura, and holding her tightly, Harry leveled his pistol and fired a quick shot.

He had not expected to do more than wound the captain, but the bullet sped straight to the mark, and down went the

British officer, flat upon his face on the ground, where he lay, motionless.

"Jove, I wonder if I killed the fellow, after all?" remarked Harry. "He is lying very still."

"It is terrible to think of," said Laura, tremblingly. "But I could almost wish that it might be so, for he threatened to have my father arrested and shot or hanged, if—if——"

"If what, Laura?"

"If—I—refused to—to—marry him."

"Ha! So that is what he wanted, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, I must say he had good taste, redcoat though he was," said Harry, and he gave the girl a kiss, just as Mr. and Mrs. Sanders came running up to where they stood.

"What is the trouble?" cried Mr. Sanders.

"Yes, yes! What is the matter?" from Mrs. Sanders.

Laura quickly explained, and then the four advanced to where the captain lay, and Harry knelt beside the still form, and made an examination.

"He is dead!" he said presently. "I meant to kill him. He was a villain, and would have caused you lots of trouble, and it is as well as it is, I guess."

"Yes; he brought his fate upon himself," said Mr. Sanders.

"So he did. Well, you bring a spade, Mr. Sanders, and we will bury him."

Then, as the man walked away, to go for the spade, Harry said to the woman and girl:

"You had better go to the house. This is not a pleasant sight for you."

"And—will you—come to the house before—before you go away?" asked Laura, dropping her eyes in confusion before the look which Harry gave her as he replied:

"Indeed I will, Miss Laura! What I came back for is in the house, anyway, I think."

"What was it?"

"That little purse that you made out of your hair, and which you gave me," was the reply. "I left it lying on the corner of the table, and when I thought of it I came right back, for I would not lose it for anything. I shall wear it next my heart."

Laura blushed, and her mother smiled.

"Oh, you young folks!" she said.

"You are not so very old, Mrs. Sanders," said Harry, "and I will wager that you have not forgotten how it was with yourself when you were a girl, and Mr. Sanders was paying attention to you."

"You are right; I remember it very distinctly, Mr. Somers," the woman acknowledged.

Then the two went to the house, Laura giving Harry a look that made him almost wild with delight, for it said as plainly as words could have done: "I love you!"

Mr. Sanders was soon back with the spade, and they lifted the captain's dead body and carried it into the timber a distance of at least a hundred yards. Here they laid it

on the ground, and dug a hole, into which the corpse was placed and covered over.

This done, they went back to the house, and entered, after Mr. Sanders had put the spade away.

"Now where is my purse?" asked Harry, smilingly.

"Here—Harry," replied the girl, handing it to the youth, and looking up into his eyes shyly.

The youth took the purse and placed it carefully away, in an inside pocket of his coat. Then he slipped his arm around Laura's waist, drew her close to him, and facing the girl's parents, said, bravely and manfully:

"Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, I love your daughter, and wish her to become my wife. I left the purse on purpose to give me an excuse to come back and tell you this. What do you say? Are you willing to have me for a son-in-law?"

"I am," said Mr. Sanders, promptly.

"And I am willing, also," said Mrs. Sanders. "It is for Laura herself to say."

"Oh, she will say 'Yes,' I know," said Harry, pressing the girl more tightly, and smiling down into her face.

"How do you know?" asked Laura, blushingly.

"You told me so."

"When?"

"Just a few minutes ago, as you started to the house with your mother."

"Why, I didn't say a word—Harry!"

"Not with your tongue, no; but with your eyes, yes. They said as plainly as could be, 'I love you, Harry.' Don't deny it, Laura, for I know it is true—isn't it?"

"Yes!" said Laura, after a few moments, and then Harry gave her a kiss.

"Hurrah!" he said. "I am the luckiest and happiest fellow in South Carolina!"

CHAPTER XIII.

BACK AT THE SANDERS' HOME.

"I thought I heard a pistol shot."

"And so did I."

"It sounded like it was fired somewhere in the vicinity of the Sanders' home."

"So it did."

"I wonder if Harry has gotten into trouble?"

"Hard telling."

"He may have encountered some redcoats at the Sanders' home."

"That is not an impossibility."

"Why did he go back, anyway?"

"He said he forgot something."

"And I know what it was that he forgot," said Bob Estabrook, with a grin.

"What?" in a chorus of voices.

"He forgot to kiss Laura Sanders good-by."

The "Liberty Boys" had come to a stop—or rather, half a dozen of them had, and were sitting on horseback, looking back in the direction of the Sanders' home, and discussing the pistol shot, which they were sure they had heard.

While they were still engaged thus, a second pistol shot was heard.

"Jove, there's another shot!"

"Harry is in trouble!"

"It would seem to be probable."

"Let's go back, fellows!"

"No," said Dick, who happened to be one of those who had stopped. "Let's wait, and perhaps Harry will come."

They waited at least fifteen minutes, and Harry not having come in sight, Dick said:

"I fear Harry has got into trouble, sure enough. Come along, boys, we'll go back and investigate."

Whirling their horses, they rode back to the Sanders' home at a gallop, and dismounting, made their way toward the house.

"There's Harry's horse," said one, "but where is he?"

"You'll find him in the house," said Bob.

"I hope so," said Dick.

No one was to be seen anywhere, and the youths were soon at the house. Fearing that something unusual had happened, Dick did not pause to knock on the door, but opened it and walked into the house, the other youths following.

There stood Harry, with his arm around Laura's waist, and he stared at the newcomers sheepishly for a moment, and then his face relaxed into a broad smile.

"Congratulate me, fellows," he said. "I've won a wife by coming back here."

"Oh, you sly rascal!" said Bob, shaking his fist at Harry in mock anger.

"Say, who fired the pistol-shots?" asked Dick, when he and his comrades had shaken hands with the youth and maiden and congratulated them on their betrothal.

"A British officer fired the first," said Harry, "and I fired the second."

"The officer was Captain Shannon, Mr. Slater," explained Laura. "The same man you had your encounter with yesterday evening, you remember."

"Ah, yes. I remember him," said Dick. "Where is he now?"

"Dead," replied Harry.

"Dead?"

"Yes. He fired at me, and missed; and then I took a shot at him, and hit him. The bullet found his heart, and killed him instantly."

Then he went ahead, and told the entire story.

"Served him right," said Dick.

"Yes, yes!" in chorus from the lips of the "Liberty Boys."

After some further conversation, the "Liberty Boys" bade the Sanders good-by for the second time that morning, and going out of doors, mounted their horses and rode

away, pausing to wave their hands at Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and Laura, at the first bend in the road.

Then the boys began giving it to Harry Somers.

"Say, you are a tricky chap, Harry!"

"So he is!"

"Yes, he played it nicely."

"He stole a march on us."

"You ought to be thrashed, Harry!"

Such were a few of the remarks, but the youth knew his comrades were merely trying to have fun at his expense, and he simply laughed.

"That's all right, fellows," he said. "You are just feeling angry because you didn't think to do what I did—not that it would have done you any good, though, for she wouldn't have listened to you, had you gone, the same as I did."

"Just see the egotism of the fellow!" said Bob Estabrook, in mock disgust. "Did anyone ever see the like of it?"

But Harry only laughed. He was too happy to get angry, even had the youths meant what they said, which he knew they did not.

Half an hour later they overtook the main force, having ridden rapidly till they did so.

The others wanted to know why they had gone back, and soon the story was in the possession of all the "Liberty Boys."

The combined force moved onward till noon, and then paused for dinner.

After the meal was finished, and just as they were getting ready to start again, an exclamation was given utterance to by Bob Estabrook, who had been the first to get in the saddle.

"Great Guns!" he cried. "Yonder comes a large force of soldiers!"

"From which direction?" cried Dick.

"The east."

All was excitement at once, and one of the "Liberty Boys" climbed a tree, to get a better view of the approaching force, it being quite a long ways off as yet.

"It is a patriot force!" he called down presently. "At any rate, the men are wearing the Continental blue."

"Hurrah!" cried Bob. "Say, Dick, it looks like a large force, and it may be going to attack the British in Augusta."

"I hope that such may prove to be the case," said Dick; and then he made his way to where Colonel Pickens stood, and the two discussed the matter earnestly.

Half an hour later the head of the force in question had reached the encampment, and at its head rode General Ashe, with whom Dick was very well acquainted.

The general dismounted and shook hands with Dick, who introduced him to Colonel Pickens. The two had heard of each other, and shook hands cordially.

Then General Ashe gave orders for his force, which consisted of fifteen hundred soldiers, to go into camp, for dinner, and the men hastened to obey the order.

Then General Ashe explained that his purpose was to make an attack on the British at Augusta, and capture the town if possible.

"Good! and we will go with you and help you!" cried Dick.

"Yes, indeed!" from Colonel Pickens.

"We have just come from there," smiled Dick. "But, we are ready and eager to go back, now that you are on hand, with sufficient force to make an attack likely to prove successful."

Then they explained that they had slipped into Augusta, that very morning, and made a sudden attack, and had then retreated, succeeding in making their escape.

The general listened in amazement.

"That was a dangerous and daring piece of work," he said.

"Yes, but it was quite successful, nevertheless," said Dick,

"Its very daring and audacity made it safe," said Colonel Pickens.

"True," agreed General Ashe. "Well, I shall be glad to have you accompany me, for I will need all the men I can secure, I think."

There was little doubt regarding the truth of this statement.

After General Ashe and his men had eaten their dinners and rested sufficiently, the march was resumed, the "Liberty Boys" and Colonel Pickens' force accompanying them.

The "Liberty Boys" were ordered to move forward and act as an advance guard, and this work was just in accordance with their tastes.

They rode along, a mile in advance of the foot-soldiers, and kept a sharp lookout for the British, for they thought it likely they might encounter a force of the enemy.

About the middle of the afternoon they came to the top of a hill. On the hill was timber, and they came to a stop, and Dick climbed to the top of one of the trees.

He looked carefully for several minutes, and finally was rewarded, for he saw a party of seemingly about one hundred horsemen ride out of a strip of timber a mile distant. He could see the brilliant red uniforms, and knew it was a company of British dragoons.

"Here is a chance to get in some good work," thought Dick. Then he studied the topography of the country lying between himself and the enemy.

The lay of the land was not very favorable, Dick decided.

It was only about two hundred yards to the bottom of

the hill, and that distance there was a heavy growth of timber; but from there on to where the troopers were the country was open.

"About the only thing to do is to lie in wait for them at the edge of the timber at the foot of this hill," thought Dick. "Yes, that is what we will do."

He hastened to descend, and quickly informed the "Liberty Boys" of the discovery which he had made.

The youths were eager and excited.

They wanted to get a chance at a party of British dragoons.

So when Dick ordered them to advance to the bottom of the slope and conceal themselves, they lost no time in obeying.

They led their horses to the bottom of the slope, and tied the animals to trees, back a ways, where they would not be likely to get hit by flying bullets; then they advanced to the edge of the timber and brush, and concealing themselves, waited.

They could see the party of British troopers now, about two-thirds of a mile away.

The troopers were advancing slowly, the horses moving at a walk.

"They seem to be taking it easy," remarked Bob Estabrook, who was beside Dick.

"So they do, Bob."

On came the troopers, and presently they were within half a mile of the ambuscade.

Still onward they rode, slowly, and when they were still a third of a mile away Dick uttered an exclamation:

"Look!" he cried. "See that trooper riding toward the party, yonder? He has been up on top of the hill, scouting, and has discovered the presence of our main force. They will not come any farther in this direction, and the only thing for us to do is to mount and go for them. We will have to hurry, or they will get such a start we will be unable to catch them!"

The "Liberty Boys" leaped up and ran to where their horses were, and untying the halter-straps, leaped into the saddles.

"Forward!" cried Dick.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DISASTROUS AFFAIR.

Dick was right in his supposition. The horseman he had seen riding toward the party of troopers was indeed one of their own number, and he had been sent ahead on a

scouting expedition. He had already reached the shelter of the timber before Dick had climbed the tree, and this was how it happened that he had not been seen.

The trooper had ridden into the timber a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, and had then dismounted and tied his horse, after which he had climbed to the top of the hill, and, like Dick, had climbed to the top of a tree.

He had not seen the "Liberty Boys," but had caught sight of the large force of patriots coming along a mile away, toward the east.

He had looked long enough to assure himself that it was a strong force of "rebels," and had then descended, hastened back to where his horse was, mounted, and rode to the edge of the timber, and then diagonally toward the company of troopers, now a third of a mile distant.

His comrades saw him coming, and guessing from his haste and his actions in general that something was in the wind, they came to a stop.

"Back!" cried the trooper, when he was near enough to make himself heard. "Back! A large rebel force is coming, and it would be folly for us to try to engage it in battle."

"How far away is it?" asked one of the troopers, a captain, judging by his uniform.

"About a mile and a half."

"Beyond the hill, eh?"

"Yes."

"Are there any horse soldiers?"

"Yes, a hundred or more, at least. "

"Humph! I don't see any need of haste. We can hold our own against an equal number of troopers, and the foot soldiers could not catch us, of course."

"Look!" cried another, at this instant.

All looked in the direction indicated, and saw a body of horsemen emerge from the edge of the timber at the foot of the hill, and come dashing forward at the best speed of the horses.

"That is still another party of troopers!" cried the scout. "I had not seen them. If we would save ourselves, we had better get away from here!"

The captain seemed to think so, too, for he gave the order to retreat, and the troopers whirled their horses and dashed away pell-mell back in the direction from which they had just come.

It now became an exciting race.

The "Liberty Boys" did their best to overtake their enemies, and urged their horses with voice and spur, but the British had good horses, and were enabled to hold their own.

The "Liberty Boys" presently came to the conclusion that they were gaining some, and they gave utterance to cheers.

This had the effect of causing the troopers to belabor their horses worse than ever, and the animals increased their speed.

"Say, let's don't yell any more, fellows," cried Bob Estabrook, in disgust. "It has caused us to lose the ground we had gained."

"I guess you are right, Bob," agreed Dick. "Well, we will keep still, and put all our energy into getting better speed out of our horses. "

They did this and soon were again slowly but surely drawing up on the fugitives.

Closer and closer they drew, and then, just as they began to think they might open fire on the redcoats, the latter began increasing the distance between themselves and the "Liberty Boys."

"Jove, I believe their horses have better staying qualities than our own," said Dick regretfully. "It looks as if they are going to get away."

"So it does, Dick," agreed Bob.

"I could easily overhaul them on Major," went on Dick. "But it would be folly for me to try to do anything alone."

The redcoats drew away, slowly but surely, and when the troopers saw they were increasing the distance between themselves and their pursuers, they uttered cries of delight.

"Oh, yell, you rascals!" exclaimed Bob, shaking his fist. "If we were close enough we would make you yell out of the other corner of the mouth."

"But getting close enough is the trouble, Bob," said Dick, with a smile. "I guess they are going to escape, after all."

And he was right; the troopers did succeed in making their escape, for they drew slowly but surely away, and by six o'clock had placed more than a mile between themselves and their pursuers.

The "Liberty Boys" reached the Sanders' home soon after this, and decided to stop.

To say that Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and Laura were amazed when they saw the "Liberty Boys" is stating it mildly; and that Laura was delighted to see Harry Somers again may be taken for granted, but she was no more delighted at seeing him than he was at seeing her.

They had seen the British troopers go dashing past, so were in a measure prepared to see a patriot force, but had

hardly dared hope it would prove to be the "Liberty Boys."

Then Dick explained about the coming of the patriot force under General Ashe.

"I am glad to hear that a strong patriot force is coming," said Mr. Sanders.

"And so am I," from Mrs. Sanders.

Meanwhile the British troopers rode onward at the best speed of their horses, nor did they stop until they reached the Savannah River; then they merely slowed the animals down to a walk, while they were fording the stream.

Shortly afterward they rode into Augusta, and soon the news was spread throughout the encampment that the patriots were coming in force.

Colonel Thomas Browne, who was in command, sent for the scout who had seen the "rebels," and asked him how many he thought there were in the enemy's force.

"It looked to me as if there were at least two thousand," he replied.

"And how far from here is this force now?"

"Oh, ten miles, I should judge."

"Humph. Then we may be attacked this very night."

"It is possible, sir."

"Then we shall have to break camp and evacuate the town at once."

This order was sent out, and soon all was bustle and confusion in Augusta. The soldiers were making ready to march, and while they were doing this there was considerable excitement among the Tory citizens of the town. They did not know what to do. They hated to leave their homes, and they were afraid to remain.

Some packed up as much of their household effects as they could carry, and fled into the timber and hills, but others, more bold, remained behind.

By ten o'clock the British were ready to go, and at half-past ten they marched away toward the south.

The patriot force under General Ashe continued marching till away after nightfall, for they wished to reach the Sanders' home, of which place they had heard from the lips of Colonel Pickens, and they arrived at the farmhouse of the patriot at about the same time that the British were marching out of Augusta.

They were given a hearty welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and Laura, and the patriot soldiers went into camp.

Next morning they were up bright and early.

After breakfast they broke camp, and the entire force rode and marched away toward the west.

The "Liberty Boys" were in the lead; behind them were

Pickens and his men, and back of them the infantry under General Ashe.

They rode and marched to the river.

They crossed at the ford, and did not see any signs whatever of the British picket line.

"The redcoats have taken fright and flown, I'll wager," said Dick.

And so it proved, of course. When they rode into Augusta not a redcoat was to be seen anywhere, and everybody they talked to were—so they claimed—patriots. The day before many of them had been claiming to be loyalists.

They told in which way the British had gone, however, and the patriot officers held a council.

What should be done?

Should they go in pursuit, or not?

It was finally decided to do so, and the order was given to march.

Soon they were heading southward, on the track of the British, and they overtook the enemy at Briar Creek, and the result was—disaster. The British turned on General Ashe's force, and routed it completely. It was scattered, and only a little more than half the number succeeded in getting safely back to Charleston.

The "Liberty Boys" and Colonel Pickens' forces had fought bravely, but to no avail, and when the infantry retreated they covered the retreat, and held the enemy back, thus saving their comrades from being butchered.

It was a sad affair, but the patriots made the best of it, and regarded it with philosophic composure.

"We'll do better next time," said Dick Slater; and they did.

When the war ended, Harry Somers and Laura Sanders were married, a number of the "Liberty Boys" being present at the wedding.

THE END.

The next number (116) of "The Liberty Boys of '76" will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS DECEIVED; OR, TRICKED, BUT NOT BEATEN," by Harry Moore.

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

PLUCK AND LUCK.

CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF STORIES. EVERY STORY COMPLETE.

32 PAGES.

BEAUTIFULLY COLORED COVERS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

LATEST ISSUES:

- 172 A New York Boy out With Stanley; or, A Journey Through Africa. By Jas. C. Merritt.
173 Afloat With Captain Nemo; or, The Mystery of Whirlpool Island. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
174 Two Boys' Trip to an Unknown Planet. By Richard R. Montgomery.
175 The Two Diamonds; or, A Mystery of the South African Mines. By Howard Austin.
176 Joe, the Gymnast; or, Three Years Among the Japs. By Allan Arnold.
177 Jack Hawthorne, of No Man's Land; or, An Uncrowned King. By "Naname."
178 Gun-Boat Dick; or, Death Before Dishonor. By Jas. C. Merritt.
179 A Wizard of Wall Street; or, The Career of Henry Carew, Boy Banker. By H. K. Shackelford.
180 Fifty Riders in Black; or, The Ravens of Raven Forest. By Howard Austin.
181 The Boy Rifle Rangers; or, Kit Carson's Three Young Scouts. By An Old Scout.
182 Where? or, Washed into an Unknown World. By "Naname."
183 Fred Fearnought, the Boy Commander; or, The Wolves of the Sea. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
184 From Cowboy to Congressman; or, The Rise of a Young Ranchman. By H. K. Shackelford.
185 Sam Spark, the Brave Young Fireman; or, Always the First on Hand. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
186 The Poorest Boy in New York, and How He Became Rich. By N. S. Wood, the Young American Actor.
187 Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor; or, Hunting for a Sunken Treasure. By "Naname."
188 On Time; or, The Young Engineer Rivals. An Exciting Story of Railroading in the Northwest. By Jas. C. Merritt.
189 Red Jacket; or, The Boys of the Farmhouse Fort. By An Old Scout.
190 His First Glass of Wine; or, The Temptations of City Life. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
191 The Coral City; or, The Wonderful Cruise of the Yacht Vesta. By Richard R. Montgomery.
192 Making a Million; or, A Smart Boy's Career in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackelford.
193 Jack Wright and His Electric Turtle; or, Chasing the Pirates of the Spanish Main. By "Naname."
194 Flyer Dave, the Boy Jockey; or, Riding the Winner. By Allyn Draper.
195 The Twenty Gray Wolves; or, Fighting A Crafty King. By Howard Austin.
196 The Palace of Gold; or, The Secret of a Lost Race. By Richard R. Montgomery.
197 Jack Wright's Submarine Catamaran; or, The Phantom Ship of the Yellow Sea. By "Naname."
198 A Monte Cristo at 18; or, From Slave to Avenger. By Allyn Draper.
199 The Floating Gold Mine; or, Adrift in an Unknown Sea. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
200 Moll Pitcher's Boy; or, As Brave as His Mother. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
201 "We." By Richard R. Montgomery.
202 Jack Wright and His Ocean Racer; or, Around the World in 20 Days. By "Naname."
203 The Boy Pioneers; or, Tracking an Indian Treasure. By Allyn Draper.
204 Still Alarm Sam, the Daring Boy Fireman; or, Sure to Be On Hand. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
205 Lost on the Ocean; or, Ben Bluff's Last Voyage. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
206 Jack Wright and His Electric Canoe; or, Working in the Revenue Service. By "Naname."
207 Give Him a Chance; or, How Tom Curtis Won His Way. By Howard Austin.
208 Jack and I; or, The Secrets of King Pharaoh's Caves. By Richard R. Montgomery.
209 Buried 5,000 Years; or, The Treasure of the Aztecs. By Allyn Draper.
210 Jack Wright's Air and Water Cutter; or, Wonderful Adventures on the Wing and Afloat. By "Naname."
211 The Broken Bottle; or, A Jolly Good Fellow. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
212 Slippery Ben; or, The Boy Spy of the Revolution. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
213 Young Davy Crockett; or, The Hero of Silver Gulch. By An Old Scout.
214 Jack Wright and His Magnetic Motor; or, The Golden City of the Sierras. By "Naname."
215 Little Mac, The Boy Engineer; or, Bound To Do His Best. By Jas. C. Merritt.
216 The Boy Money King; or, Working in Wall Street. A Story of a Smart New York Boy. By H. K. Shackelford.
217 "I." A Story of Strange Adventure. By Richard R. Montgomery.
218 Jack Wright, The Boy Inventor, and His Under-Water Ironclad; or, The Treasure of the Sandy Sea. By "Naname."
219 Gerald O'Grady's Grit; or, The Branded Irish Lad. By Allyn Draper.
220 Through Thick and Thin; or, Our Boys Abroad. By Howard Austin.
221 The Demon of the Deep; or, Above and Beneath the Sea. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
222 Jack Wright and His Electric Deers; or, Fighting the Bandits of the Black Hills. By "Naname."
223 At 12 o'clock; or, The Mystery of the Lighthouse. A Story of the Revolution. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.
224 The Rival Boat Clubs; or, The Boss School at Beechwood. By Allyn Draper.
225 The Haunted House on the Hudson; or, the Smugglers of the Sound. By Jas. C. Merritt.
226 Jack Wright and His Prairie Engine, or Among the Bushmen of Australia. By "Naname."
227 A Million at 20; or, Fighting His Way in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackelford.
228 Hook and Ladder No. 2. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
229 On Deck; or, The Boy Pilot of Lake Erie. By Allyn Draper.
230 Locomotive Fred; or, Life on the Railroad. By Jas. C. Merritt.
231 Jack Wright and His Electric Air Schooner; or, The Mystery of a Magic Mine. By "Naname."
232 Philadelphia Phil; or, From a Bootblack to a Merchant. By Howard Austin.
233 Custer's Last Shot; or, The Boy Trailer of the Little Horn. By An Old Scout.
234 The Rival Rangers; or, The Sons of Freedom. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.
235 Old Sixty-Nine; or, The Prince of Engineers. By Jas. C. Merritt.
236 Among the Fire-Worshippers; or, Two New York Boys in Mexico. By Howard Austin.
237 Jack Wright and his Electric Sea Motor; or, The Search for a Drifting Wreck. By "Naname."
238 Twenty Years on an Island; or, The Story of a Castaway. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
239 Colorado Carl; or, The King of the Saddle. By An Old Scout.
240 Hook and Ladder Jack, the Daring Young Fireman. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
241 Ice-Bound; or, Among the Floes. By Berton Bertrew.
242 Jack Wright and His Ocean Sleuth-Hound; or, Tracking an Under-Water Treasure. By "Naname."
243 The Fatal Glass; or, The Traps and Snares of New York. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
244 The Maniac Engineer; or, A Life's Mystery. By Jas. C. Merritt.
245 Jack Wright and His Electric Locomotive; or, The Lost Mine of Death Valley. By "Naname."
246 The Ten Boy Scouts. A Story of the Wild West. By An Old Scout.
247 Young Hickory, the Spy; or, Man, Woman, or Boy. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
248 Dick Bangle, the Boy Actor. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor).

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

.....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

..... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....

..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

WORK AND WIN

An Interesting Weekly for Young America.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, December 8, 1898, by Frank Tousey.

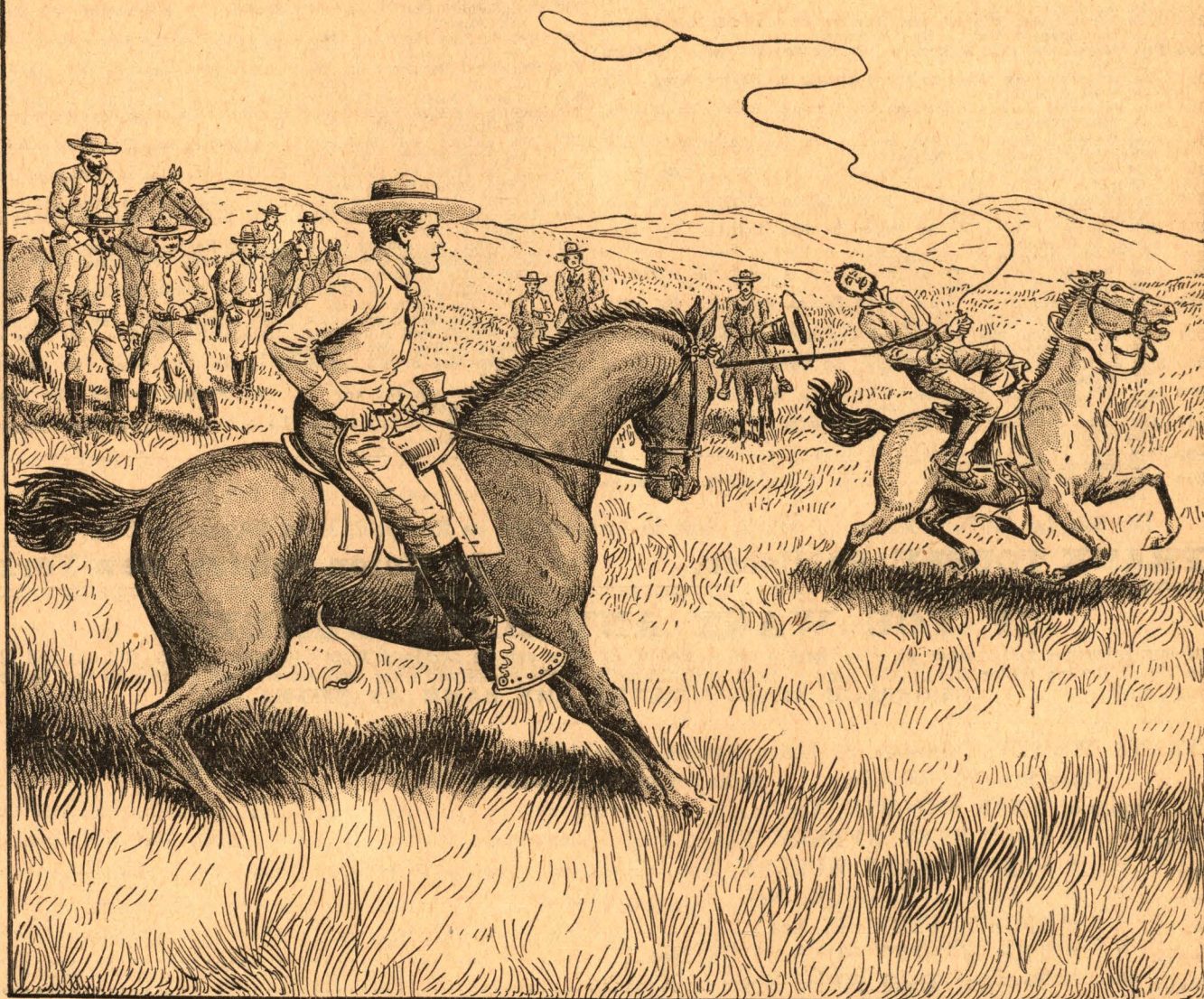
No. 223.

NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1903.

Price 5 Cents.

FRED FEARNOT AND "GREASER" OR, THE FIGHT TO DEATH WITH LARIATS.

By HAL STANDISH



The noose of Fred's lariat fell over the Greaser's head just as he shot his own lasso in the air. Back went Fearnot's horse. The rope tightened around the Mexican, pinioning his arms, and he was jerked from his saddle.

WORK AND WIN.

The Best Weekly Published.

ALL THE NUMBERS ARE ALWAYS IN PRINT.

READ ONE AND YOU WILL READ THEM ALL.

LATEST ISSUES:

122 Fred Fearnot and the Banker; or, A Schemer's Trap to Ruin Him.
123 Fred Fearnot's Great Feat; or, Winning a Fortune on Skates.
124 Fred Fearnot's Iron Will; or, Standing Up for the Right.
125 Fred Fearnot Cornered; or, Evelyn and the Widow.
126 Fred Fearnot's Daring Scheme; or, Ten Days in an Insane Asylum.
127 Fred Fearnot's Honor; or, Backing Up His Word.
128 Fred Fearnot and the Lawyer; or, Young Billy Dedham's Case.
129 Fred Fearnot at West Point; or, Having Fun with the Hazers.
130 Fred Fearnot's Secret Society; or, The Knights of the Black Ring.
131 Fred Fearnot and the Gambler; or, The Trouble on the Lake Front.
132 Fred Fearnot's Challenge; or, King of the Diamond Field.
133 Fred Fearnot's Great Game; or, The Hard Work That Won.
134 Fred Fearnot in Atlanta; or, The Black Fiend of Darktown.
135 Fred Fearnot's Open Hand; or, How He Helped a Friend.
136 Fred Fearnot in Debate; or, The Warmest Member of the House.
137 Fred Fearnot's Great Plea; or, His Defence of the "Moneyless Man."
138 Fred Fearnot at Princeton; or, The Battle of the Champions.
139 Fred Fearnot's Circus; or, High Old Time at New Era.
140 Fred Fearnot's Camp Hunt; or, The White Deer of the Adirondacks.
141 Fred Fearnot and His Guide; or, The Mystery of the Mountain.
142 Fred Fearnot's County Fair; or, The Battle of the Fakirs.
143 Fred Fearnot a Prisoner; or, Captured at Avon.
144 Fred Fearnot and the Senator; or, Breaking up a Scheme.
145 Fred Fearnot and the Baron; or, Calling Down a Nobleman.
146 Fred Fearnot and the Brokers; or, Ten Days in Wall Street.
147 Fred Fearnot's Little Scrap; or, The Fellow Who Wouldn't Stay Whipped.
148 Fred Fearnot's Greatest Danger; or, Ten Days with the Moon-shiners.
149 Fred Fearnot and the Kidnappers; or, Trailing a Stolen Child.
150 Fred Fearnot's Quick Work; or, The Hold Up at Eagle Pass.
151 Fred Fearnot at Silver Gulch; or, Defying a Ring.
152 Fred Fearnot on the Border; or, Punishing the Mexican Horse Stealers.
153 Fred Fearnot's Charmed Life; or, Running the Gauntlet.
154 Fred Fearnot Lost; or, Missing for Thirty Days.
155 Fred Fearnot's Rescue; or, The Mexican Pocahontas.
156 Fred Fearnot and the "White Caps"; or, A Queer Turning of the Tables.
157 Fred Fearnot and the Medium; or, Having Fun with the "Spirits."
158 Fred Fearnot and the "Mean Man"; or, The Worst He Ever Struck.
159 Fred Fearnot's Gratitude; or, Backing Up a Plucky Boy.
160 Fred Fearnot Fined; or, The Judge's Mistake.
161 Fred Fearnot's Comic Opera; or, The Fun that Raised the Funds.
162 Fred Fearnot and the Anarchists; or, The Burning of the Red Flag.
163 Fred Fearnot's Lecture Tour; or, Going it Alone.
164 Fred Fearnot's "New Wild West"; or, Astonishing the Old East.
165 Fred Fearnot in Russia; or, Banished by the Czar.
166 Fred Fearnot in Turkey; or, Defying the Sultan.
167 Fred Fearnot in Vienna; or, The Trouble on the Danube.
168 Fred Fearnot and the Kaiser; or, In the Royal Palace at Berlin.
169 Fred Fearnot in Ireland; or, Watched by the Constabulary.
170 Fred Fearnot Homeward Bound; or, Shadowed by Scotland Yard.
171 Fred Fearnot's Justice; or, The Champion of the School Marm.
172 Fred Fearnot and the Gypsies; or, The Mystery of a Stolen Child.
173 Fred Fearnot's Silent Hunt; or, Catching the "Green Goods" Men.

174 Fred Fearnot's Big Day; or, Harvard and Yale at New Era.
175 Fred Fearnot and "The Doctor"; or, The Indian Medicine Fakir.
176 Fred Fearnot and the Lynchers; or, Saving a Girl Horse Thief.
177 Fred Fearnot's Wonderful Feat; or, The Taming of Black Beauty.
178 Fred Fearnot's Great Struggle; or, Downing a Senator.
179 Fred Fearnot's Jubilee; or, New Era's Greatest Day.
180 Fred Fearnot and Samson; or, "Who Runs This Town?"
181 Fred Fearnot and the Rioters; or, Backing Up the Sheriff.
182 Fred Fearnot and the Stage Robber; or, His Chase for a Stolen Diamond.
183 Fred Fearnot at Cripple Creek; or, The Masked Fiends of the Mines.
184 Fred Fearnot and the Vigilantes; or, Up Against the Wrong Man.
185 Fred Fearnot in New Mexico; or, Saved by Terry Olcott.
186 Fred Fearnot in Arkansas; or, The Queerest of All Adventures.
187 Fred Fearnot in Montana; or, The Dispute at Rocky Hill.
188 Fred Fearnot and the Mayor; or, The Trouble at Snapping Shoals.
189 Fred Fearnot's Big Hunt; or, Camping on the Columbia River.
190 Fred Fearnot's Hard Experience; or, Roughing it at Red Gulch.
191 Fred Fearnot Stranded; or, How Terry Olcott Lost the Money.
192 Fred Fearnot in the Mountains; or, Held at Bay by Bandits.
193 Fred Fearnot's Terrible Risk; or, Terry Olcott's Reckless Venture.
194 Fred Fearnot's Last Card; or, The Game that Saved His Life.
195 Fred Fearnot and the Professor; or, The Man Who Knew it All.
196 Fred Fearnot's Big Scoop; or, Beating a Thousand Rivals.
197 Fred Fearnot and the Raiders; or, Fighting for His Belt.
198 Fred Fearnot's Great Risk; or, One Chance in a Thousand.
199 Fred Fearnot as a Sleuth; or, Running Down a Slick Villain.
200 Fred Fearnot's New Deal; or, Working for a Banker.
201 Fred Fearnot in Dakota; or, The Little Combination Ranch.
202 Fred Fearnot and the Road Agents; or, Terry Olcott's Cool Nerve.
203 Fred Fearnot and the Amazon; or, The Wild Woman of the Plains.
204 Fred Fearnot's Training School; or, How to Make a Living.
205 Fred Fearnot and the Stranger; or, The Long Man who was Short.
206 Fred Fearnot and the Old Trapper; or, Searching for a Lost Cavern.
207 Fred Fearnot in Colorado; or, Running a Sheep Ranch.
208 Fred Fearnot at the Ball; or, The Girl in the Green Mask.
209 Fred Fearnot and the Duellist; or, The Man Who Wanted to Fight.
210 Fred Fearnot on the Stump; or, Backing an Old Veteran.
211 Fred Fearnot's New Trouble; or, Up Against a Monopoly.
212 Fred Fearnot as Marshal; or, Commanding the Peace.
213 Fred Fearnot and "Wally"; or, The Good Natured Bully of Badger.
214 Fred Fearnot and the Miners; or, The Trouble At Coppertown.
215 Fred Fearnot and the "Blind Tigers"; or, More Ways Than One.
216 Fred Fearnot and the Hindoo; or, The Wonderful Juggler at Coppertown.
217 Fred Fearnot Snow Bound; or, Fun with Pericles Smith.
218 Fred Fearnot's Great Fire Fight; or, Rescuing a Prairie School.
219 Fred Fearnot in New Orleans; or, Up Against the Mafia.
220 Fred Fearnot and the Haunted House; or, Unraveling a Great Mystery.
221 Fred Fearnot on the Mississippi; or, The Blackleg's Murderous Plot.
222 Fred Fearnot's Wolf Hunt; or, A Battle for Life in the Dark.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, **24 Union Square, New York**

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.
POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

.....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES. •

PRICE 5 CTS. 32 PAGES. COLORED COVERS. ISSUED WEEKLY

LATEST ISSUES:

- 130 The Bradys and the Deadshot Gang; or, Lively Work on the Frontier.
131 The Bradys with a Circus; or, On the Road with the Wild Beast Tamers.
132 The Bradys in Wyoming; or, Tracking the Mountain Men.
133 The Bradys at Coney Island; or, Trapping the Sea-side Crooks.
134 The Bradys and the Road Agents; or, The Great Deadwood Case.
135 The Bradys and the Bank Clerk; or, Tracing a Lost Money Package.
136 The Bradys on the Race Track; or, Beating the Sharpers.
137 The Bradys in the Chinese Quarter; or, The Queen of the Opium Fiends.
138 The Bradys and the Counterfeiters; or, Wild Adventures in the Blue Ridge Mountains.
139 The Bradys in the Dens of New York; or, Working on the John Street Mystery.
140 The Bradys and the Rail Road Thieves; or, The Mystery of the Midnight Train.
141 The Bradys after the Pickpockets; or, Keen Work in the Shopping District.
142 The Bradys and the Broker; or, The Plot to Steal a Fortune.
143 The Bradys as Reporters; or, Working for a Newspaper.
144 The Bradys and the Lost Rancho; or, The Strange Case in Texas.
145 The Bradys and the Signal Boy; or, The Great Train Robbery.
146 The Bradys and Bunco Bill; or, The Cleverest Crook in New York.
147 The Bradys and the Female Detective; or, Leagued with the Customs Inspectors.
148 The Bradys and the Bank Mystery; or, The Search for a Stolen Million.
149 The Bradys at Cripple Creek; or, Knocking out the "Bad Men."
150 The Bradys and the Harbor Gang; or, Sharp Work after Dark.
151 The Bradys in Five Points; or, The Skeleton in the Cellar.
152 Fan Toy, the Opium Queen; or, The Bradys and the Chinese Smugglers.
153 The Bradys' Boy Pupil; or, Sifting Strange Evidence.
154 The Bradys in the Jaws of Death; or, Trapping the Wire Tappers.
155 The Bradys and the Typewriter; or, The Office Boy's Secret.
156 The Bradys and the Bandit King; or, Chasing the Mountain Thieves.
157 The Bradys and the Drug Slaves; or, The Yellow Demons of Chinatown.
158 The Bradys and the Anarchist Queen; or, Running Down the "Reds."
159 The Bradys and the Hotel Crooks; or, The Mystery of Room 44.
160 The Bradys and the Wharf Rats; or, Lively Work in the Harbor.
161 The Bradys and the House of Mystery; or, A Dark Night's Work.
162 The Bradys' Winning Game; or, Playing Against the Gamblers.
163 The Bradys and the Mail Thieves; or, The Man in the Bag.
164 The Bradys and the Boatman; or, The Clew Found in the River.
165 The Bradys after the Grafters; or, The Mystery in the Cab.
166 The Bradys and the Cross-Roads Gang; or, the Great Case in Missouri.
167 The Bradys and Miss Brown; or, The Mysterious Case in Society.
168 The Bradys and the Factory Girl; or, The Secret of the Poisoned Envelope.
169 The Bradys and Blonde Bill; or, The Diamond Thieves of Maiden Lane.
170 The Bradys and the Opium Ring; or, The Clew in Chinatown.
171 The Bradys on the Grand Circuit; or, Tracking the Light-Harness Gang.
172 The Bradys and the Black Doctor; or, The Secret of the Old Vault.
173 The Bradys and the Girl in Grey; or, The Queen of the Crooks.
174 The Bradys and the Juggler; or, Out with a Variety Show.
175 The Bradys and the Moonshiners; or, Away Down in Tennessee.
176 The Bradys in Badtown; or, The Fight for a Gold Mine.
177 The Bradys in the Klondike; or, Ferreting Out the Gold Thieves.
178 The Bradys on the East Side; or, Crooked Work in the Slums.
179 The Bradys and the "Highbinders"; or, The Hot Case in Chinatown.
180 The Bradys and the Serpent Ring; or, The Strange Case of the Fortune-Teller.
181 The Bradys and "Silent Sam"; or, Tracking the Deaf and Dumb Gang.
182 The Bradys and the "Bonanza" King; or, Fighting the Fakirs in Frisco.
183 The Bradys and the Boston Banker; or, Hustling for Millions in the Hub.
184 The Bradys on Blizzard Island; or, Tracking the Gold Thieves of Cape Nome.
185 The Bradys in the Black Hills; or, Their Case in North Dakota.
186 The Bradys and "Faro Frank"; or, A Hot Case in the Gold Mines.
187 The Bradys and the "Rube"; or, Tracking the Confidence Men.
188 The Bradys as Firemen; or, Tracking a Gang of Incendiaries.
189 The Bradys in the Oil Country; or, The Mystery of the Giant Gusher.
190 The Bradys and the Blind Beggar; or, The Worst Crook of All.
191 The Bradys and the Bankbreakers; or, Working the Thugs of Chicago.
192 The Bradys and the Seven Skulls; or, The Clew That Was Found in the Barn.
193 The Bradys in Mexico; or, The Search for the Aztec Treasure House.
194 The Bradys at Black Run; or, Trailing the Coiners of Candle Creek.
195 The Bradys Among the Bulls and Bears; or, Working the Wires in Wall Street.
196 The Bradys and the King; or, Working for the Bank of England.
197 The Bradys and the Duke's Diamonds; or, The Mystery of the Yacht.
198 The Bradys and the Bed Rock Mystery; or, Working in the Black Hills.
199 The Bradys and the Card Crooks; or, Working on an Ocean Liner.
200 The Bradys and "John Smith"; or, The Man Without a Name.
201 The Bradys and the Manhunters; or, Down in the Dismal Swamp.
202 The Bradys and the High Rock Mystery; or, The Secret of the Seven Steps.
203 The Bradys at the Block House; or, Rustling the Rustlers on the Frontier.
204 The Bradys in Baxter Street; or, The House Without a Door.
205 The Bradys Midnight Call; or, The Mystery of Harlem Heights.
206 The Bradys Behind the Bars; or, Working on Blackwells Island.
207 The Bradys and the Brewer's Bonds; or, Working on a Wall Street Case.
208 The Bradys on the Bowery; or, The Search for a Missing Girl.
209 The Bradys and the Pawnbroker; or, A Very Mysterious Case.
210 The Bradys and the Gold Fakirs; or, Working for the Mint.
211 The Bradys at Bonanza Bay; or, Working on a Million Dollar Clew.
212 The Bradys and the Black Riders; or, The Mysterious Murder at Wildtown.
213 The Bradys and Senator Slam; or, Working With Washington Crooks.
214 The Bradys and the Man from Nowhere; or, Their Very Hardest Case.
215 The Bradys and "No. 99"; or, The Search for a Mad Millionaire.
216 The Bradys at Baffin's Bay; or, The Trail Which Led to the Arctic.
217 The Bradys and Gim Lee; or, Working a Clew in Chinatown.
218 The Bradys and the "Yegg" Men; or, Seeking a Clew on the Road.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our libraries, and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find..... cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
.... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

190

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquettes to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parrot, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowar.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 19. **FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION AND GUIDE.**—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76.

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

By HARRY MOORE.

These stories are based on actual facts and give a faithful account of the exciting adventures of a brave band of American youths who were always ready and willing to imperil their lives for the sake of helping along the gallant cause of Independence. Every number will consist of 32 large pages of reading matter, bound in a beautiful colored cover.

LATEST ISSUES:

- 35 The Liberty Boys' Signal; or, "At the Clang of the Bell."
36 The Liberty Boys' Daring Work; or, Risking Life for Liberty's Cause.
37 The Liberty Boys' Prize, and How They Won It.
38 The Liberty Boys' Plot; or, The Plan That Won.
39 The Liberty Boys' Great Haul; or, Taking Everything in Sight.
40 The Liberty Boys' Flush Times; or, Reveling in British Gold.
41 The Liberty Boys' In a Snare; or, Almost Trapped.
42 The Liberty Boys' Brave Rescue; or, In the Nick of Time.
43 The Liberty Boys' Big Day; or, Doing Business by Wholesale.
44 The Liberty Boys' Net; or, Catching the Redcoats and Tories.
45 The Liberty Boys' Worried; or, The Disappearance of Dick Slater.
46 The Liberty Boys' Iron Grip; or, Squeezing the Redcoats.
47 The Liberty Boys' Success; or, Doing What They Set Out to Do.
48 The Liberty Boys' Setback; or, Defeated, But Not Disgraced.
49 The Liberty Boys in Torryville; or, Dick Slater's Fearful Risk.
50 The Liberty Boys Aroused; or, Striking Strong Blows for Liberty.
51 The Liberty Boys' Triumph; or, Beating the Redcoats at Their Own Game.
52 The Liberty Boys' Scare; or, A Miss as Good as a Mile.
53 The Liberty Boys' Danger; or, Foes on All Sides.
54 The Liberty Boys' Flight; or, A Very Narrow Escape.
55 The Liberty Boys' Strategy; or, Out-Generaling the Enemy.
56 The Liberty Boys' Warm Work; or, Showing the Redcoats How to Fight.
57 The Liberty Boys' "Push"; or, Bound to Get There.
58 The Liberty Boys' Desperate Charge; or, With "Mad Anthony" at Stony Point.
59 The Liberty Boys' Justice, And How They Dealt It Out.
60 The Liberty Boys Bombarded; or, A Very Warm Time.
61 The Liberty Boys' Sealed Orders; or, Going it Blind.
62 The Liberty Boys' Daring Stroke; or, With "Light-Horse Harry" at Paulus Hook.
63 The Liberty Boys' Lively Times; or, Here, There and Everywhere.
64 The Liberty Boys' "Lone Hand"; or, Fighting Against Great Odds.
65 The Liberty Boys' Mascot; or, The Idol of the Company.
66 The Liberty Boys' Wrath; or, Going for the Redcoats Roughshod.
67 The Liberty Boys' Battle for Life; or, The Hardest Struggle of All.
68 The Liberty Boys' Lost; or, The Trap That Did Not Work.
69 The Liberty Boys' "Jonah"; or, The Youth Who "Queered" Everything.
70 The Liberty Boys' Decoy; or, Baiting the British.
71 The Liberty Boys Lured; or, The Snare the Enemy Set.
72 The Liberty Boys' Ransom; or, In the Hands of the Tory Outlaws.
73 The Liberty Boys as Sleuth-Hounds; or, Trailing Benedict Arnold.
74 The Liberty Boys "Swoop"; or, Scattering the Redcoats Like Chaff.
75 The Liberty Boys' "Hot Time"; or, Lively Work in Old Virginia.
76 The Liberty Boys' Daring Scheme; or, Their Plot to Capture the King's Son.

- 77 The Liberty Boys' Bold Move; or, Into the Enemy's Country.
78 The Liberty Boys' Beacon Light; or, The Signal on the Mountain.
79 The Liberty Boys' Honor; or, The Promise That Was Kept.
80 The Liberty Boys' "Ten Strike"; or, Bowling the British Over.
81 The Liberty Boys' Gratitude, and How they Showed It.
82 The Liberty Boys and the Georgia Giant; or, A Hard Man to Handle.
83 The Liberty Boys' Dead Line; or, "Cross it if You Dare!"
84 The Liberty Boys' "Hoo-Dooed"; or, Trouble at Every Turn.
85 The Liberty Boys' Leap for Life; or, The Light that Led Them.
86 The Liberty Boys' Indian Friend; or, The Redskin who Fought for Independence.
87 The Liberty Boys "Going it Blind"; or, Taking Big Chances.
88 The Liberty Boys' Black Band; or, Bumping the British Hard.
89 The Liberty Boys' "Hurry Call"; or, A Wild Dash to Save a Friend.
90 The Liberty Boys' Guardian Angel; or, The Beautiful Maid of the Mountain.
91 The Liberty Boys' Brave Stand; or, Set Back but Not Defeated.
92 The Liberty Boys "Treed"; or, Warm Work in the Tall Timber.
93 The Liberty Boys' Dare; or, Backing the British Down.
94 The Liberty Boys' Best Blows; or, Beating the British at Bennington.
95 The Liberty Boys in New Jersey; or, Boxing the Ears of the British Lion.
96 The Liberty Boys' Daring; or, Not Afraid of Anything.
97 The Liberty Boys' Long March; or, The Move that Puzzled the British.
98 The Liberty Boys' Bold Front; or, Hot Times on Harlem Heights.
99 The Liberty Boys in New York; or, Helping to Hold the Great City.
100 The Liberty Boys' Big Risk; or, Ready to Take Chances.
101 The Liberty Boys' Drag-Net; or, Hauling the Redcoats In.
102 The Liberty Boys' Lightning Work; or, Too Fast for the British.
103 The Liberty Boys' Lucky Blunder; or, The Mistake that Helped Them.
104 The Liberty Boys' Shrewd Trick; or, Springing a Big Surprise.
105 The Liberty Boys' Cunning; or, Outwitting the Enemy.
106 The Liberty Boys' "Big Hit"; or, Knocking the Redcoats Out.
107 The Liberty Boys "Wild Irishman"; or, A Lively Lad from Dublin.
108 The Liberty Boys' Surprise; or, Not Just What They Were Looking For.
109 The Liberty Boys' Treasure; or, A Lucky Find.
110 The Liberty Boys in Trouble; or, A Bad Run of Luck.
111 The Liberty Boys' Jubilee; or, A Great Day for the Great Cause.
112 The Liberty Boys Cornered; or, "Which Way Shall We Turn?"
113 The Liberty Boys at Valley Forge; or, Enduring Terrible Hardships.
114 The Liberty Boys Missing; or, Lost in the Swamps.
115 The Liberty Boys' Wager, And How They Won It.
116 The Liberty Boys Deceived; or, Tricked but Not Beaten.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

.....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....
... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....